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The Writing on the Road

WHAT is to be done about our roads? The motorists who inched their way through the traffic jams last Sunday would agree with the A.A. that, on any fine holiday, pleasure driving has become impossible. Already the centres of our cities are choked; the main routes used by commercial vehicles are inadequate and often dangerous; and now the drive to the sea or the country is becoming a penance. No wonder the road interests are demanding drastic action before both pleasure and business traffic grinds to a stop. Britain is threatened by arterial sclerosis.

Every day, despite the by-pass here, the widening there, the position becomes worse. The number of vehicles on the road has doubled in less than ten years. The result is obvious. But, in the next three years, the total could well rise from about seven million to nearly ten million. Even a crash programme of improvements could not offset such a rapid increase. And while the accident rate may not rise proportionately, the growing stagnation will take its toll of time, money, economic efficiency and nervous energy. Something has to be done.

Yet, to do anything, there must be some kind of plan—and there is no plan because the government refuses to face its implications. True, there are good reasons why our roads have been neglected—war, the post-war demand for building labour and materials, shortage of capital for this kind of large-scale investment, the fear that new highways would be both expensive and inflationary. But while the government has resisted the demand of the road lobby for better roads, it has not prevented more and bigger vehicles being driven on to the roads we already have. This would have been politically difficult and, it was argued, damaging to the motor industry which produces such valuable exports, and insists that a "buoyant" home market is the price of a successful export drive.

The government, of course, could have tried to strike a proper balance between road and rail traffic. Labour, indeed, made a first attempt; but before this could take effect, it was wrecked by the dogmatic de-nationalisation of road haulage, and by the diversion of a flood of cars to the home market. We were to keep an elaborate and efficient rail network—a sensible decision, in which the cost of writing off so much fixed capital and the strategic value of a system which is not dependent upon imported fuels both played a part—but we were to let the cream of the traffic be siphoned off. The result is that the railways are not working to capacity and the roads are worked to death.

We now face a situation which, like the reform of local government, has become so complex that politicians are naturally afraid that a common-sense policy would mean political suicide. Perhaps. But the price of indecision is becoming terribly high—both for those who use the roads and for the economic well-being of the country. Certainly, there must soon be a large road-building programme. That is unavoidable, and it would be sensible to inquire whether we could develop cheaper and faster construction methods. But how many new roads? Where should they run? Should they be financed by the Treasury, by local authorities or by tolls? (There may be more to be said for tolls, to judge from the U.S. experience, than motorists are willing to admit. The saving may outweigh the additional cost to travellers.) Such questions can only be answered within the framework of a plan.

And this plan for transport must take other factors into account. Should motor-tax policy, for instance, be designed to encourage small economical cars? We should save on the bill for imported petrol and rubber. More important, perhaps, would be the saving in space. Each inch on width or length adds both to the parking problem and to the congestion on narrow roads. Should there be a Treasury subsidy for certain types of rail traffic in order to wean it away from the roads? To ask such questions—and there are many more which are equally pertinent—is to reveal the incoherence of government policy. The blame does not rest wholly on the present government; for a generation our road policy has been penny-pinching and unimaginative. But this government's policy has made the situation worse—and Mr. Watkinson's casual, almost contemptuous comments on last week-end's chaos shows that the present ministers cannot read the writing on the road.

Comments on the Week's News

Court and Communists

The three latest decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court underline the liberal emphasis of the present majority. The acquittal of five Californian Communists and the re-trial of nine others—all charged under the Smith Act for "conspiring to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence"—may not herald a general review of Smith Act convictions. In this case, the government's case was especially flimsy. But it cannot fail to strengthen the present reaction against the witch-hunt: in retrospect, the convictions secured at the height of the Cold War are beginning to look as hysterical and perhaps as petty as those of the post-1918 Red scare. In the second decision, moreover, the right of an individual to refuse to become an informer has been upheld: Mr. Watkins, like Arthur Miller, was willing to give a Congressional committee information about himself, but he was unwilling to name others. The Court has not ruled that there is an absolute right to withhold such testimony—unless the witness refuses to answer any questions for fear of self-incrimination—but it has reminded Congress that its investigating power must be used with care, and that convictions for contempt will not be upheld if the questioning is not strictly relevant to the nominal grounds for inquiry. (Mr. Miller, for instance, argued that the names of Communist writers attending a New York meeting had no relevance to his own application for a passport—the actual cause of his appearance before the Un-American Activities Committee.) Finally, by insisting that Mr. John Service was wrongfully dismissed from the State Department in 1951, the Court has cast doubt upon the Truman "loyalty" programme, under which many people were dismissed or forced to resign from government service although no evidence was offered against them that would stand up in a court of law. The Court seems to be doing its best to reassert both sanity and justice.

Diefenbaker's Dilemma

Three problems confront Mr. John Diefenbaker, the new Canadian prime minister. First, to form a government which will be tolerated by the Social Credit group—the only right-wing element in the new parliament which, if the Liberals and the C.C.F. choose to vote against him, can offer the votes he needs to survive. Secondly, to decide whether to call another general election very soon, or to wait until after the Queen's visit—a course which has obvious advantages, especially if he can make some interim steps towards the policies on which he can campaign. Finally, to find some way of working with a civil service which, many people believe, has at some levels become an outpost of the Liberal Party. Of these problems, the second is the most important. And it seems probable that Mr. Diefenbaker will make some concessions to the provinces—paying for them with cuts in defence spending; that he will try to stimulate trade with Britain, to offset Canadian dependence on American markets; and that he will jettison much of the foreign policy of Mr. Lester Pearson, believing that his supporters are more interested in themselves than in Mr. Pearson's internationalism. Canadian Tories are essentially provincialists: they have long been cooped up in Ontario, and their national success has come as a result of the internal boom. They have no reason, except latent anti-Americanism, to look overseas. The combination of a royal visit with a continuing boom might give Mr. Diefenbaker an outright majority in an autumn election.

Macmillan Flatters to Deceive

The fact that Moscow has published the full text of the Macmillan note only in *Izvestia*, with its comparatively limited circulation, is no doubt a compliment to Mr. Macmillan's debating skill. One may also add a tribute to the good manners and urbanity of his dialectic: this was Oxford Union stuff, not a conventional cold war polemic. The fact remains that we are not a step nearer to settling outstanding problems with the Russians than we were before. Macmillan, like Bulganin, has confined himself to restating the well-known arguments on which his diplomacy has long been based. Could he have done anything else? We do not for a moment suggest that most of his points are not valid. Nevertheless, the emptiness of the note is apparent when it is read alongside Mr. Zorin's proposals for suspending nuclear tests, and when one recalls the strong suspicion that it was British and French hostility which led to Mr. Stassen's reprimand in Washington. At almost the same moment as the Macmillan note was being dispatched, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan were realistically urging that we should accept as a first stage in nuclear disarmament the controlled suspension of tests. Can there really be any danger in this? And would it not be a step forward? Mr. Macmillan's rehearsal of the familiar British proposal for the registration of tests with the U.N. seems flat and futile by comparison. Then again, Germany: Mr. Macmillan's four questions to Mr. Bulganin are cogent, as well as being adroitly put. But has anybody yet formulated a better way of beginning to reduce tension in Europe than the proposal for a progressively demilitarised zone between the two Germanys? Of course the "reunification of Germany in freedom" remains an essential element in western policy. But is it less likely to happen if local tensions are first reduced, as the opportunity arises, by local agreements?

Mr. Kishi and Sergeant Girard

President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Kishi will both be greatly embarrassed by a federal judge's decision in Washington that an American soldier, Girard, cannot be tried by the Japanese courts but must face a court-martial. Girard caused the death of a Japanese woman last January. After much agitation in Japan, the U.S. agreed that he should be tried by the Japanese courts under the Status of Forces agreements, and Mr. Dulles had just presented an affidavit saying that the move to prevent the trial in Tokyo would prejudice relations with Japan and possibly endanger American personnel. Now, on the eve of Mr. Kishi's arrival in Washington, Judge McGarraghy has reversed the army ruling. A wave of anti-Americanism in Tokyo may swamp the Prime Minister, whose future depends on the success of his talks with Mr. Eisenhower. Mr. Kishi will, in effect, ask America's blessing for a new and leading role in Asia. His recent tour of South-East Asia was to sound out opinion on a development plan by which American dollars ($200-$400m a year, reportedly) would be available for non-Communist countries of Asia to borrow to buy goods from the highly organised factories of Japan and other producing countries. He was met with sceptical caution. Other subjects Mr. Kishi will raise include revision of the Japan-U.S. security pact, the future of Japan's defence forces, and the return of certain islands to Japan.

NEXT WEEK

Isaac Deutscher

comments on the authoritative text of Mao Tse-tung's recent speech

Indonesian Democracy

With no parallel in western or eastern political systems and equally unlike Communist and non-Communist countries, Indonesia has now a National Advisory Council which will give "solicited and unsolicited advice" to the Cabinet. President Sukarno, who has appealed for the abolition of purely destructive opposition, says that this is a return to *gotong royong* (mutual help) and *musjawarah* (mutual discussion) which have long been the basis of Indonesian democracy. He and the Vice-Chairman of the National Advisory Council have been at great pains to emphasise that the government systems of the U.S., the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic are, no doubt, in conformity with the national characters of the countries concerned, and that Indonesians must also proceed on the basis of their own character. The National Advisory Council, opposed by the Masjumi but supported by the Communists, is composed of three sections representing the government, functional groups (workers, peasants, youth, artists, journalists, businessmen, Muslim, Protestant, Catholic, Hindu communities, etc.) and the regions. The last is vital, for apart from the cancer of corruption, over-centralisation in Java is Indonesia's most serious disease.

More on the Rates

Mr. Henry Brooke has worried local authorities by his new proposals for changes in local government finance—now being discussed privately with the main associations of local authorities. There has already been much opposition to the government's proposal, announced in February, to substitute block for percentage grants in aid covering a wide range of local services, including education, child care, local health and fire services, as well as to the additional burden placed on householders by the partial de-rating of shops. It had, however, been assumed that local revenues would receive some offsetting benefit from the up-rating of industrial properties from 25 to 50 per cent. of their annual value; but Mr. Brooke has now intimated that he wishes to appropriate a part, or even the whole, of this gain for the Treasury. He also intends that the proposed block grant should cover technical as well as general education services. These changes, if carried out, would threaten a sharp increase in local rates, mainly at the expense of householders, and would also strike a serious blow at progressive development of educational services—especially the much-needed expansion of technical education. The government's proposals have not yet taken final form; but Mr. Brooke is apparently set on checking local expenditure by making it too expensive for the local authorities to finance services beyond a minimum national standard.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Fine Old Southern Jurymen

One of the least funny comedies of the season is playing the Capitol these days, with a cast that deserves better material. The plot of this original vehicle, which might be called *Magna Carta Time in Dixie*, revolves around an alleged threat to the jury system. Defence of that ancient bulwark, it appears, now rests with Southern lovers of justice, headed by genial Sam Ervin, the eloquent Senator from North Carolina, while leading the forces of disruption and opening the door to tyranny is Senator Paul Douglas, the civil libertarian from Illinois, assisted by a chorus from the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

Congressional supporters of President Eisenhower's civil rights bill found themselves manœuvred into this sticky situation by an extremely adroit, not to say shifty, move on Ervin's part. The heart of the Administration's bill is a simple device to protect Negroes in their right to vote by means of judicial injunction, at the moment that right is denied, instead of leaving the matter to the futility of punitive action by a federal court long after election day has become a memory. As in any injunctive proceeding, a judge would be empowered to treat non-compliance as contempt and to dole out summary punishment accordingly. All very well, the Southerners say (though probably not one of them would vote for the bill no matter how amended) but let's make sure we have a jury trial in such contempt cases. Without that provision, Ervin declaims, "this is the most damnable bill, the most indefensible bill, that has ever been laid before a legislative body in America. . . . It proposes to rob Americans of the right to trial by jury." That has become the theme of the battle, with Jim Crow all but forgotten as the disingenuous and the gullible rally to preserve the heart of Anglo-Saxon law. With awesome diligence Douglas in the Senate and New York's Representative Celler in the House, among others, have been demonstrating the chicanery of the Ervin argument. With rare exceptions, juries are never called upon to pass on the execution of a court's orders. On the contrary, Chief Justice Taft once described an attempt to interject a jury trial between a court's order and its enforcement as an unprecedented and "insidious attack upon the judicial system." Not one of the Southern states that are so piously outraged by the Administration bill provides jury trial in such cases.

The Northern forces have better arguments of course than precedent. Douglas in particular hammers away at the vicious circle implicit in the Ervin amendment, a run-around that goes like this: For the most part Negroes are denied the right to vote in many Southern communities. A law is therefore passed to guarantee that right, but under Southern pressure, let us say, it provides a jury trial for officials who persist in flouting it. By law or custom most Southern juries are drawn from those who are already on the voting lists. With Negroes thus in effect barred from juries, the offending officials are acquitted and the game goes on.

At this point a Southerner usually rises to reject the major premise that Negroes *are* denied the vote and points to recent gains in coloured suffrage. Whereupon the white-haired erstwhile professor of economics from Illinois jams another batch of election statistics down the Senate's throat. In Bullock County, Alabama, he shows, six Negroes are registered out of 5,425 potential Negro voters. In nine other Alabama counties there are 28,000 potential coloured voters with not a single one on the registration lists. In the state as a whole there are 53,336 registered Negro voters out of an eligible 516,245. And Alabama is far from being the worst.

From their own point of view, the Southerners are right to make this their last-ditch stand, for there is no doubt that voting, and not segregation, is the fundamental issue. Give the Negroes their rightful power at the polls, and many another question that has long vexed the republic will melt away. Southern Congressmen, forced to take large coloured constituencies into account, would either take a very different tack on race issues, segregation included, or vanish from offices they have long taken for granted. With seniority no longer guaranteed, committee chairmanships would cease to be their monopoly. No longer a matter of political life or death, the filibuster would pass into history. Small wonder that among some champions of civil liberty, both white and coloured, there is deep regret that the crisis of the past few years has centred on desegregation, which is not spelled out in the Constitution and is enormously hard to enforce, rather than on suffrage, which is accepted in principle even by Mississippi sheriffs and can be made a reality any time Congress chooses to tighten the machinery of enforcement.

ROBERT BENDINER

Johannesburg

No Smoking?

A Correspondent writes: With the treason trial of 156 Congress group leaders about to be resumed in its fifth month, Johannesburg's Drill Hall again becomes the major centre of political activity amongst the Union's Africans. While the prosecution leads expert evidence on the Communist nature of words like "democracy," "the people" and "freedom," there is ample time for consultation amongst the accused, one outcome of which has been the calling of a type of boycott potentially more significant than the recent one of the buses. With the bus boycott suspended, the government still refuses to investigate the economic situation of the urban African. It has, however, finally taken the obvious step of increasing the transport levy paid by the Africans' employers in commerce and industry, which will result in the fares being kept at the pre-boycott level.

The boycott now called by the leaders of the various Congress groups is, however, of a quite different kind and new on a national scale: it is to be a consumers' boycott of goods produced by Nationalist companies. In the post-war years Nationalist capital has established itself in many fields hitherto dominated by the English-speaking and Jewish groups, notably in banking, insurance and the production of consumer goods such as canned fruit and tobacco. It is against the latter that the newly called boycott has in the first place been directed.

As economic boycotts depend upon the withdrawal of purchasing power for their success, it might be thought that the acute poverty of most urban Africans, which the bus boycott highlighted, would render the calling of a tobacco boycott by the predominantly non-white Congress groups pointless. As with other income groups, however, the urban African does not adhere to modal spending budgets, and observation—as well as the considerable volume of advertising directed at him—indicates that smoking has become a firmly established habit, even if enjoyed at the expense of nutrition. The only available figures show that those few fortunate enough to be able to spend the sum of £23 5s. 9d. a month on supporting a family of five devote 8s. 1d. to newspapers and tobacco.

Thus, in the small profit-large turnover cigarette field, the boycott of Nationalist-financed brands might embarrass the company concerned. At the least, it should prove an attractive anti-Nationalist gesture involving no sacrifice from its supporters: one simply buys another brand.

The proof of this seemed to be provided by the Rembrandt tobacco company when, two days before the boycott's scheduled commencement on June 10, it sought and obtained a decree nisi calling upon the boycott's organisers to show reason on July 4 why they should not be restrained from publishing leaflets calling for its support. In its petition the company, significantly enough, denied that it was under Nationalist political control and that Cabinet ministers sat on its board or influenced its affairs. It claimed that the circulation of the leaflets would cause it irreparable damage.

The granting of the decree, which came after thousands of leaflets had been distributed and the boycott publicised by the Congress-line weekly, *New Age*, inevitably gave the boycott publicity of much wider a nature than it would ever otherwise have enjoyed. In view of this completely foreseeable result, the company's petition becomes patently absurd and self-defeating, and must be viewed in a wider context to be understood. A weakness of the proposed cigarette boycott is that it will be impossible to check on whether and to what extent it is being observed; and the absence of a clear objective might lead to its petering out. It is clear, however, that the technique of boycott, if properly exploited, could prove a valuable economic weapon to the unenfranchised non-white groups. The bus boycott was an example of the negative or protest aspect of its use—the current threat by the African National Congress to institute a national boycott of Natal's Consolidated Textile Mills' products if "scab" Africans are used to break a strike of Indian workers points to greater possibilities. The economic boycott could, for instance, be employed to achieve limited and definite objectives such as the abolition of discrimination in retail stores. In Northern Rhodesia the African Congress has abolished hoary abuses such as the serving of Africans through holes in the walls of butchers' shops by means of the boycott, and has won recognition and considerable influence for itself in the process. The population ratios of the two countries are, of course, greatly different, but such developments have been observed in the Union.

The present mood of South African Nationalism, however, is also radically different from that of governments farther north, and it is against these considerations that actions of a tobacco company which has been often held up by the Nationalists as an example of what Afrikaner enterprise can achieve—and which has made it a sales point that no black hand touched its product—must be viewed. The present case may lead to a ruling that such boycotts are illegal. Should it not, however, the government will almost certainly push a law through parliament making it illegal to advocate any kind of boycott. The boycott is the only legal and effective means of protest left to the Union's Africans, Indians and Coloureds; and the Nationalists are determined to smash it from their grasp.

Singapore

Lee and the Left

Our South-East Asia Correspondent writes: In the crucial by-election which takes place on June 29, Lee Kuan Yew is not only testing the strength of the new constitutional agreement which he helped to negotiate: he is also testing the strength of the non-Communist Left. He has told the tough Chinese in his constituency that he is working for a non-Communist Malaya—though, if the People's Action Party should win power, it would, under certain conditions, legalise a Communist Party in Singapore. The main condition would be that the Communists in Malaya should end the shooting war and—possibly a more difficult requirement—make their peace with Tunku Abdul Rahman.

Lee Kuan Yew's attempt to assert his leadership of the Left—and reduce Communist influence in the P.A.P.—has been aided by the strong-arm tactics of Chief Minister Lim Yew Hock, who broke the Communist machine's hold on the powerful Factory and Shopworkers' Union, and moved several key Communist organisers into jail. This change, plus the agreement that Singapore should become self-governing next year, meant that the P.A.P. had achieved its first objective and could devote itself to the second—merger with the Federation. No progress could be made towards this, however, while the P.A.P. seemed to be slipping under the control of Chinese-speaking pro-Communist elements. For Lee Kuan Yew, therefore, a house-cleaning was urgent. He knew that the P.A.P. had to woo the Malay intelligentsia in the Federation—and to do this he must convince them that the Federation had something to gain and nothing to lose by merger. There must be no more riots, student trouble and unnecessary strikes. On the contrary, Lee has to show that he is reasonable, that there can be steady progress in Singapore, and above all that he is not "soft" on Communism.

Hence this by-election. Originally Lee intended that it should be a show-down with David Marshall—but Marshall withdrew when he realised that he was being used as a stalking-horse by the extreme Left. This meant that the Left now has to support Lee publicly, because it cannot back any of the other candidates who are strongly anti-Communist.

Colombo

Bandaranaike's Month of Crisis

A Correspondent writes: Mr. Bandaranaike's decision not to attend the Commonwealth conference is a measure of the communal unrest in Ceylon. It may be true, as he told members of his parliamentary party that certain newspapers are making alarmist propaganda; but there is no doubt that the government in Ceylon faces its biggest problem yet with the projected *satyagraha* (civil disobedience) campaign to be launched by the Tamil Federal Party in August. The campaign has been provoked by the government's decision to make Sinhalese the only state language: the Tamils seek equal status for Tamil. The Federal Party has listed other objectives for its August campaign, including a federal constitution for Ceylon, with autonomy for the Tamil-speaking areas; and the party's leadership insists now that they must have satisfaction on all demands before they call off the *satyagraha* threat. The present backing for the party among the Tamils is, however, chiefly for its stand on the language issue, and it is realistic to assume that if there is a settlement on this matter, the *satyagraha* will not take place. As things are, there is danger of a repetition, perhaps on a bloodier scale, of the Sinhalese-Tamil clashes of June last year. The Federal Party leadership insists that its *satyagraha* volunteers will be non-violent, but emotions are being aroused on both sides. The government has announced that it will mobilise the police, army and navy (including the forces' volunteers) to keep the peace in August. While this is a natural step, a decision of Mr. Bandaranaike's Sri Lanka Freedom Party to mobilise a hundred thousand youth-leaguers has caused disquiet. Party spokesmen have taken pains to assert that these youth-leaguers would only put across the government's policy to the people, and try to persuade them to keep the peace; but there is fear that this mobilisation would only add to the dangers already present.

A year has now passed since the introduction of legislation to make Sinhalese the only official language (it will replace English completely in three years time); and, with mounting Tamil protests, the Prime Minister has promised that provision would be made for a "reasonable use" of Tamil. He recently gave a broad indication of how he proposed to do this, and some important members of the Tamil community, politicians and others, seem to be prepared to discuss the matter on these terms. The Federal Party bosses, who now appear to command the ear of the majority of the Tamils, however, have rejected the government overtures. It must be mentioned that the Prime Minister, whose detailed intentions are not yet clear, has to contend with a militant Tamil opposition among the Federalists and also take into reckoning an equally intransigent Sinhalese-Buddhist minority who are against concessions to the Tamils. The whole issue is charged with emotive factors, but at bottom is economic self-interest. The Sinhalese had for long felt (and grudged) that the Tamils had won a disproportionate share of rewards in the form of government jobs under British rule. This feeling gave rise to the "Sinhala Only" legislation. The Tamils now fear that, if Sinhalese is the only state language, their chances of state employment—the major source of jobs in an under-developed country—would be reduced drastically. The present balance is a delicate one and Mr. Bandaranaike faces a bigger crisis than he has yet faced. How very tense the present situation has become is reflected in the Prime Minister's statement recently that, if a state of emergency arises when the Federal Party launches its campaign in August, looting, treason, and similar offences will be punishable by death. And that despite the fact that the death penalty was suspended by the government last year for a trial period of three years.

"I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove."
—A Midsummer Night's Dream

Dukemanship

THE British social pyramid, which this week with Royal Ascot is celebrating its greatest junket of the year, descends (according to the official Table of Precedence) from the Sovereign's lonely pinnacle, past "Ministers and Envoys," past the "Younger Sons of Marquises," "Knights of the Garter, if Commoners," Masters in Lunacy and many another picturesque feature to a broad, if slightly crumbling, base composed of "the Younger Sons of Knights in the same order as their fathers" and "Naval, Military, Air and Other Esquires by office." High in the list—a bit below the Archbishops and the Speaker, but above the ordinary working dukes—stands England's premier Papist, the Right Honourable Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk and hereditary Earl Marshal of England.

The exact nature of his duties in this latter capacity is obscure to most of his fellow citizens. He shared with that notable impresario, Sir David Eccles, the distinction of having stage-managed the Coronation; and, thanks to the persistent criticisms of the press, the occasion was a signal popular success. He is also responsible for the archaic rules which make it difficult for the Royal Family to entertain on their private lawn at Ascot any of their divorced friends or relatives, and which made it impossible for such a colourful figure as Lady Docker to buy her way into the company of the trade heiresses in the Royal Enclosure. It is surmised that he has something to do with the dislocation of London traffic which is occasioned by garden and presentation parties at Buckingham Palace—though the precise division of responsibility between himself, the Lord Chamberlain, the Colonel of the Life Guards and the Keeper of the Queen's Conscience is too obscure to be fully fathomed in a Socialist journal. Let us put it all in a nutshell: the Duke of Norfolk is a nob among nobs; and there is nobody better fitted in bearing or appearance to stand with the Duke of Gloucester at an Old Comrades' reunion or to take the Queen racing.

Despite his eminence, however, he is beset with some of the problems of lesser men. He finds taxation burdensome and his home expensive to maintain. It is not easy to live in 1957 at the standard to which he has been accustomed; and, looking forward a generation or two, he is shrewd enough to see that it may be still more difficult for his heirs. There can hardly be a soul who will not in some measure sympathise with him. Of course, this is a problem which affects different sections of the community in differing degrees. Dukes seem to be especially vulnerable, and a number of them have gone to work to swell their revenues. Not so the Duke of Norfolk—whose solution has the logic and simplicity of genius. Not for him such roundabout devices as children's zoos and nudist camps, with which the lesser dukes seek to drum up custom for their stately homes. He goes straight to parliament with the suggestion that special legislation should be passed to enable him and his heirs to live free at Arundel Castle from now to eternity.

That, at least, is what his stubborn and unimaginative critics allege. The Duke himself puts it rather differently. He seeks, he says, to break the entail which prevents him putting his property into trust during his lifetime, like any normal property owner, and so escaping death duties. And he wants to give Arundel Castle to the nation as a fitting national residence for whoever happens to occupy the position of Earl Marshal. The future Dukes of Norfolk? A hereditary post? Perish the thought! It is true that the Earl Marshal's office has in recent years been reserved for the heirs of the house of Norfolk; but only since 1672—and who knows but what the system of succession might one day be changed?

Alas, there is nothing we can say which is likely to persuade the Duke's opponents in the Commons to accept his point of view. Men like Shinwell and Morrison (Lab.) and Agnew and Boothby (Con.) are so steeped in their folly that they simply *will* not see the justice—or even the necessity—of the Duke's little plan. The prospect must be faced that the Arundel Estate Bill may not go through.

Not even Socialists, we believe, will be so pig-headed as to oppose the last ditch of the Bill's first main proposal—special legislation to bar the entail and give the Duke the normal rights of property, of which he is now deprived by the accident of special legislation in the 17th century. It is the national home at which the silly fellows burk; and it looks as if the Duke may have to bow. We can only suggest that, freed from the provisions of the entail, he considers whether he can take a leaf out of other noble books and earn his living as a showman while he negotiates—as the rest of them have to—with the National Trust the terms on which Arundel Castle could be taken over without damage to the public interest.

Nor need the Duke be afraid to face the future. His fellow Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford and Marlborough (to say nothing of such relatively plebeian figures as the Marquis of Bath) are all approaching the Mike Todd class in show business. And Norfolk has more to sell than any of them. If the liquid assets of the Howards are temporarily running dry, what better way of replenishing them than by the sale of indulgences? Not perhaps on a papal scale. But is there not nice gravy to be found in putting up for auction, for instance, the right of admission to the Royal Enclosure, or "arranging" for a consideration invitations to Buckingham Palace? Such a procedure, indeed, though unprecedented, is perhaps overdue. It would not only enable the Dukes of Norfolk to get by for as long as the whole social pyramid remains standing, but it would for the first time put Ascot and the Palace, with the rest of the aristocracy—on a sensible, realistic—even a dollar-earning—basis.

The Paralysis of Inflation

THE mass unemployment of the inter-war years made an overwhelming impact on progressive economists and politicians. For many of them, indeed, this impact has lasted through 17 years of full employment. As Socialists they were convinced that capitalism could not function without large-scale unemployment and gross inequality: in order to explain how full employment could be achieved, how the balance of bargaining power could be tilted in favour of the trade unions, and why Conservative governments should not wreck reforms made in the social services, some authors have been forced to insist that capitalism no longer exists and that we have created a new "Demo-Socialist" system.

This tendency has distracted attention from two of the most fundamental criticisms which Socialists once directed against private enterprise. First, no one now seems to ask whether production for profit, rather than use, perverts our personal lives, and our society. "Progress" has become a mad rush to satisfy artificial appetites, stimulated by advertising techniques which appeal to envy, snobbery and a sense of inferiority. Secondly, we have no serious discussion of the way in which our productive capacity can be expanded without serious inequalities in the distribution of income. There is, in fact, a further problem here: how to develop the backward economic areas and diminish inequality between nations. In both cases, the Soviet economic challenge gives point and urgency to our need to solve these problems. In fact, they dominate our destiny. On the answers we find will depend, first, the fate of democracy in the poor and marginal areas of the world and, secondly, its fate in more advanced countries.

These problems, moreover, are complicated by the pressure of inflation. This has smashed progressive governments and now threatens to strangle their more conservative successors both in Britain and the U.S.—though the threat to us is more deadly. President Eisenhower, for instance, talked about cutting public expenditure and "putting value back into the dollar": he has now produced the largest peacetime budget in American history, and under his administration the price-level has gone on rising. Despite the row about the Budget, nothing effective has been done because the political cost of deflation is too high, even for the diehards: effectiveness means serious unemployment, and no Republican can afford that.

The position is similar in Britain. The Labour government broke its back on inflation. Its claim that it was deliberately planning economic expansion was belied by recurrent exchange crises: prices rose continuously; taxes had to be kept at a level which angered the middle-class and even the skilled workers. It was easy for the Conservatives to launch a campaign for cuts in government spending, for lower taxes, for the abolition of direct controls and for "monetary" direction of the economy. This campaign was all the more effective because it came when Labour had to trim its expansionist policy to meet a balance of payments crisis, and when the "Socialist" will to take strong measures of control to maintain investment and expansion was no longer there. The Tories came to power, began to dismantle controls, cut investment, and talk about reducing the pressure of "over-full employment." All very well. But they soon found their own budget growing year by year; prices went on rising, and discontent increased. They had to permit the boom because they dared not cause a slump. Once again the government became immobilised, and the wage-price cycle went on.

The lesson of all this experience is that a fully employed "free" economy is bound to be inflationary. It is for this reason that orthodox Whig economists, such as Professor Robbins, who are passionately concerned with maintaining economic freedom, hold with equal passion (and with unscientific disregard of all evidence) that the driving force behind the inflation has been an excess of demand. If this were true, it is just conceivable to use the monetary mechanism to cut back excessive investment plans—without causing much unemployment. If, however, inflation is caused by a rise in wage-costs, it could be checked only by letting unemployment rise to the point where anxious workers would not press for higher wages. The trouble there is that a level of unemployment high enough to ensure stability in a free economy is high enough to bring down

any government responsible for it. The sooner the theorists understand what politicians of all parties know by instinct, the sooner we shall find adequate solutions.

On what, then, does stability depend? Under the Tory system of unrestrained private enterprise, stability would depend upon productivity's rising fast enough to permit, without price increases, the kind of wage increase that the unions want and are able to enforce. But this would imply an exceptionally high rate of progress, 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. in productivity—far more than what has been achieved in Britain recently. Any figure smaller than that, or any tendency towards unemployment (and therefore lower production) would prevent this solution. What is even more damaging to the Tory case is the fact that, to achieve this sort of progress, we would have to double, at least, productive investment. But it would not be possible to double productive investment unless the workers deliberately gave up wage increases for some years. This seems hardly likely so long as investment is based on private profit and saving.

But if the recent strikes and the consequent wage increases they enforced have shown the futility of the illusion that "freedom" and stability are compatible without unemployment, Labour has not profited either. After two years of monetary disinflation, prices are still rising as well as wages. That is why the trade unions are not happy at the increasing paralysis of economic policy. The share of wages in the national income has not increased: it has decreased since the so-called wage restraint has been abandoned. It has been amply demonstrated that while trade unions can easily debauch the currency they cannot by themselves impose an increase in real wages: prices rise at each effort, and nullify their gains. Efforts to protect wages and social service benefits by automatic escalator clauses are also self-defeating. These further aggravate the trend towards dear money, as lenders fight shy of granting fixed money loans. The distribution of income further worsens. Not for nothing have some trade union leaders called for a reconsideration of the policy and put forward tentative suggestions for a reorganisation of the structure of the Labour movement.

What then should Labour seek to do in these unpropitious circumstances? It must first of all oppose the Tory attempt to hamstring the trade unions by appointing an "impartial" (="*laissez-faire Tory*") committee. There is little doubt that such a committee by issuing periodic reports on productivity and wages would put pressure on the unions to forgo wage-claims, though restraint is not imposed on profits and though taxation and budget policy are not readjusted to secure *both* social justice *and* higher investment. It must, secondly, accept the fact that no radical government can contemplate office without the knowledge of certain disaster if it has not successfully tackled the twin problems of its relations with the trade unions and of an increase in productivity through accelerated investment, nationalisation and education. Otherwise it will repeat the old story of recurrent balance of payments crises, with embarrassments and frustrations through hurried cuts in investment, and missed opportunities for strengthening the country. All attempts to follow a progressive policy will be defeated if the trade unions do not positively co-operate with a Labour government and sink their parochialism and their attempts to snatch "differential" advantages which must, by the nature of things, prove transient and futile. A mere wage freeze is not enough: it cannot last over any length of time. Conscious wage adjustments are needed. They have hitherto been defeated by the jealous fear of trade union officials that co-ordination in wage determination will undermine their individual position. This fear has been immensely strengthened by the clumsy efforts of the Tory government to impose unilateral restraints on the workers, while business was encouraged to make use of all opportunities for gain.

In the third place, Labour must realise that neither problem can be tackled without having a policy for national income and its distribution. No trade union leader worth his salt could possibly forego pressing the claims of his members unless he were certain that other classes of the community would not in turn refrain from profiteering. It is certain for instance that an increase in our investment—an absolutely essential condition of our recovery—could be managed only by collective saving, i.e., a budget surplus achieved by increasing taxes on wealth and unearned income. Otherwise the trade unions will insist on increases in wages, and thus prevent it altogether. It also means that a considerable tightening in investment and import control would be needed to avoid wasting our scarce resources on non-essential projects.

The myth that monetary control can defeat inflation has been finally exploded. This, of course, does not mean that orthodox economists will give up their dreams and adapt themselves to the facts of life. That would mean an acknowledgment of the futility of the policies pursued all these years, an acknowledgment that they have weakened Britain and disrupted the economic coherence of the Commonwealth. We cannot expect such acknowledgment. Nor do we need it: the electorate itself is beginning to realise that only Labour can repair the damage. This is the truth which must be driven firmly home.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

MR. STRIJDOM'S absence from the Commonwealth Conference is extremely tactful. Without him the conference may have useful results. For South Africa's difference from other Commonwealth powers is fundamental; other Commonwealth problems may be eased, if not solved, by informal discussion in London. Neither India nor Pakistan are frank about Kashmir in public. In private, amongst colleagues, Nehru and Suhrawady may, one hopes, agree that the real Kashmir issue is the Valley. Both countries now talk about sovereignty over all Kashmir, though India neither hopes to rule over Gilgit or Poonch any more than Pakistan hopes to incorporate Jammu, which is now wholly part of India. Then again, Downing Street may be a good place to sort out the differences that arose over India's delayed condemnation of Russian intervention in Hungary and Britain's behaviour in Suez. Mr. Macmillan can report progress about China and discuss hopes of restricting nuclear tests. But there can be no point at all in a row about *Apartheid*, with South Africa on one side, and Nehru, Nkrumah and the rest of us, on the other. South Africa is now a completely totalitarian state, while the Commonwealth is part of the "free world." Those who cherish the traditions of liberty which give it its purpose and cohesion must be proud to read in the new issue of that courageous quarterly, *South Africa*, an article by Alan Paton, author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, in which he states that it is now a duty to defy the South African equivalent of the Nuremburg laws and, if necessary, go to prison for the crime of associating with Africans.

I was a bit alarmed the other day by a conversation with a prominent American liberal, who seemed surprised to hear discussion in radical circles about the difficulties that confronted the new state of Ghana. "But," he said, "I thought you boys all believed in West African independence? Ghana *must* be a success." I had to explain that fervent belief in Ghana's independence is compatible with anxiety about the Nkrumah's problems. A new country is unlikely at once to be welded into a prosperous unity. The great reason for hastening independence is that the process of national building cannot begin until the imperial power moves out. The U.S. had a civil war three-quarters of a century after the British were ejected. If the dispute with the Ashanti is peacefully settled, as I now hope, that will indeed be a great victory for common sense. Or take the Nigerian case. The three governments are at least as different as England, Scotland and Wales were three centuries ago. Though, in modern conditions, Nigeria should not take more than a fraction of that time to settle down, it will not be any proof of failure if the three territories do not at once unite in brotherly love.

* * *

This point is very clearly understood in some Asian countries. Western commentators now talk about the "breakdown" in Indonesia. They should, on the contrary, be remarking on the notable fact that months of constitutional crisis have not yet resulted in a single physical struggle in any part of this vast and still heterogeneous country. The *Guardian*, a highly intelligent Burmese paper, pointed out the other day that all the new independent nations of South East Asia face the same problem as Indonesia. A new loyalty to the state has to be built up and so has a strong central government. Not all the new states have a personality as strong as Nehru, Magsaysay or Nu to preside over their birth. Customary corruption, lack of trained personnel, and the novelty of democratic institutions are all difficulties that have to be overcome. The new constitution of Indonesia sounds odd at first, but for all we can tell it may be a step that suits Indonesian development. It is childish to confuse the pains of organic growth with the failures of old age.

* * *

Tapping a line in Long Acre the other day, I gathered that the projected merger between the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald* is off, at least for the time being, and that the argument inside Odhams is about the T.U.C.'s political say in the future of the *Daily Herald*. Odhams, with 51 per cent. of the shares, appear to believe that if the paper cuts itself free from "boring politics" its circulation will rise—even if it cannot hope to become a serious rival of the *Daily Mirror*. But after all, why do more than a million and a half people buy it? Some, no doubt, only for the racing tips, very few for cheesecake, and a great many from Labour loyalty. I think the T.U.C. underplays its hand. One political commentator the other day spoke of the T.U.C. "bluffing." The bluff is rather the other way, for Odhams dare not let the *Daily Herald* die. It may lose money, but it employs for six days of the week the machines on which the *People* is printed. The *People* makes a large profit, which would certainly be much less if it did not share its printing costs. It will be recalled that Lord Southwood tried at one time to obtain the printing contract for the *Radio Times* and only later accepted the *Daily Herald*. If the T.U.C. plays its cards well it may reach a compromise which will improve the *Daily Herald* as a Labour paper.

The visit of Fenner Brockway and Jennie Lee to Wormwood Scrubbs last Monday enables one to pay a genuine tribute to the British system, the Governor of Wormwood Scrubbs and to the Home Office. The two Labour M.P.s were able to interview eight Cypriots who had been sentenced to long-term imprisonment for possessing or carrying arms. They saw for themselves bodily evidence of alleged police brutality, and the prisoners' uninhibited statements were taken down and the text, I understand, initialled by the Governor. The M.P.s do not say that they accept what they were told; they say, unanswerably, that a case for investigation was established.

* * *

From time to time I've heard sensational stories about the lengths to which wiretapping has been carried in the U.S., but I hadn't realised that it had become "a lively, active, lucrative private business." These are the words of one member of a committee of the California state senate, which has just issued a report saying that "sonic snooping is no longer reserved for hoodlums and movie stars but is being practised on people in all walks of life." All sorts of devices are in use—microphones in wristwatches, pocket recorders, small radio transmitters, even a "shotgun" microphone which can pick up distant voices in a park or on a boat in the middle of a lake. One gadget, it seems, even gets round the problem of knowing when a conversation is about to begin. There is no need to keep the recorder running all the time. It is started automatically by the human voice. Some of these devices—like those used by businesses to record washroom conversations by their employees—can cost a lot of money, but they obviously justify their cost. I'm not surprised that this California committee has asked for legislation which would make such secret installations illegal, and require that anyone who employs recording equipment should post notices to this effect in the areas where it is used. Without such laws, the committee rightly said, "human relationships would be bound to dissolve to the jungle level of suspicion and distrust."

* * *

I can sympathise with a correspondent who is convinced that the security authorities never rub out a black mark or a query against a name in their files. But, without causing a public mischief, I can't endorse his suggestion that everyone should start writing anonymous letters denouncing everyone else—the assumption being that the files would be swamped, the investigators broken by overwork, and every denunciation subjected to the gravest doubts. I recall that something like this was done by Alex Weissberg when he was arrested by the N.K.V.D. in Kharkov during the great purges. In his *Conspiracy of Silence* he describes how he was forced to name fellow-conspirators. Not knowing any, he simply gave the names of all the doctors in town, and sent the secret police chasing off on wild investigations that even they had eventually to abandon as ludicrous. I suspect it would be a shock to many "respectable" people if they could see the nonsense that the security enthusiasts have noted on their files.

* * *

I read of Esmé Percy's death with deep regret. I always found him a fascinating and delightful character. My first memory of him is in the complete version of *Man and Superman*, hell scene and all, in which he superbly sustained the part of Don Juan. Other more intimate memories are occasions when he insisted that my cat, which most people call yellow or marmalade, was really auburn. This attention to feline detail was all the more gratifying because his own companion was a black poodle which was permitted to lie tethered to the umbrella stand in the Savile Club while his master sipped a pink gin in the bar. He was a natural æsthete who, unlike most actors, cared deeply for all the arts. He was a famous raconteur and, with his fancy waistcoats, rich buttonholes and his inevitable eyeglass, he dressed the part of an elderly Second Empire buck. Many publishers are still sighing for the autobiography which will unhappily never be written, and we have to content ourselves with memories of his performance as the drunken gardener in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, and his superb dramatic recollection (given in the original tiny Watergate Theatre) of Sarah Bernhardt, her personality, her temperament and golden *stürm und drang*.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A man in an old people's home had his tobacco ration stopped for a week—because he refused to put on his best suit for the Queen.—*Sunday Express*. (K. Lindsay.)

To prevent bedtime from becoming monotonous, my husband gets into bed at the right side on Mondays and Tuesdays, the left side Wednesdays and Thursdays, and climbs over the footboard Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.—Letter in *Reveille*. (H. Murray.)

When passing the Horseguards in Whitehall I have often been distressed to note that, whereas the mounted sentries are sheltered from the sun by their boxes, their horses have no such protection for their heads. Would it not be in accordance with our reputation as an animal-loving nation if these horses were provided with hats? They could be smartly bound in the regimental colours.—Letter in *The Times*. (I. Hutchings.)

Said a man in court at Carlisle: "I was drunk. I'd lost my mother-in-law and was celebrating. I had her insured eight times."—*Daily Herald*. (J. Cole.)

Omega

"The U.S. now has more than enough nuclear explosive in its stockpiles to obliterate every city in in the world. . . . The stocks are so immense that there is no point in making any more."—*Daily Express*.

"Let there be Power," we said. And so, at last,
The Seven days' De-Genesis began,
Creating from a simple protoplast
Man's incompatibility with Man.

But still the Gods, made in our mortal image,
Lacked the best products of the human brain—
Inexpert amateurs in lethal scrimmage,
Who talks of Genghis now, or Tamerlane?

Without a Caxton all their hopes were thwarted—
Rome never knew the power of the Scribes
Or that the ether, too, could be distorted
To spew dissension among giant tribes.

We said: "Let there be nation against nation
And presstitution of the printed word
To lure and goad them to obliteration—
Let there be Darkness." And the Gods have heard.

The atom-splitting of the new magicians
Provided nothing but a missing link—
The schizophrenia of politicians
Had long connived with Death by Double-think.

The tools are ready. Standing at attention,
The executioners await command;
Blindfold and drunk, agreed in our dissension,
Bedlam, obedient to thy laws, we stand.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Writers of Prague

THE Czechs are not a people given to dramatic action; and they, indeed, are the first to say this of themselves. They have, I should think, the same pride in their own peculiar form of national cunning as the Poles, at another extreme, have in what might be called the cavalry tradition. The Czechs, in fact, are very much an infantry people, slow-moving, sarcastic, strong at bearing the sheer stupidities of life, and attractively stubborn in the brutal business of survival. This may be one of the reasons (comparative prosperity being another) why there is no movement of upheaval in Czechoslovakia today: why Czechs who are discontented with their lot and contemptuous of their leaders—and there are plenty of Czechs like this—nevertheless disapprove profoundly of the Poles and think the Hungarians are mad.

This oblique quality in the Czech character can be misleading. Although nothing much stirs on the surface and although the Czech Communist leadership is exactly the same as it was before, intellectual life in this country does reflect the questionings of the Communist world. Sarcasm creeps in. What kind of sarcasm this is may be judged from a recent sample. Of a new Slovak film called *Čert ne Spi* (The Devil does not Sleep) the paper of the Slovak Writers' Union *Kulturny Život*, wrote lately that the production was surprising "in that it is full of disrespect for national values on the part of its producers, who, behind the camouflage of the Soviet Communist Party Congress, cynically demand that Slovak films should at long last again be expressions of life." The film must clearly be the work of "suspect individuals," for its team included only one state prize-winner. And must simply have slipped wickedly past the censors. "If this sort of thing should continue, Slovak films will lose their national form, and become European—which God forbid!"

I did not meet any of the writers associated with the literary weekly, *Literarny Noviny*—they were absent, otherwise engaged, or not answering the telephone—but it seems that the spirit which inspires them is still the same as that expressed (boldly, in the circumstances) at last year's Writers' Congress. Then it was that Hrubin declared amid a tumult of applause that "it was an unsound and degrading state in Czechoslovak literature where in past years it was impossible to speak openly of its problems." But this is certainly not the spirit that inspires the official scribes who run the Writers' Union in Prague. With some of them I spent two hours, and was as far advanced at the end as at the beginning.

Blown up to an enormous size, a grey and black Stalin still talks with Gorki on the stairs of the excellent club where the Writers' Union is housed. No doubt this is a good deal more than continuing homage to Gorki. Yet I think it is true that the process of enlargement of Stalin—and of what Stalinism has meant to Czech letters—is at an end; and it is even probable that the process of reduction has begun. Not, as I say, that you would much notice this among the literary bureaucrats.

"The President of the Republic is one of us. Zapotocky comes down and talks to us. We talk to him. He told us he would not interfere. As to civil liberties, we have nothing to complain of."

"But this was said five years ago as well. I talked to some of your members in this very room. They didn't say a word about what was really going on."

"Five years ago our regime was much younger, much weaker."

"All right, but what about the writers in prison—those who've suffered?"

"No members of the Writers' Union are now in prison—unless for purely non-political offences. None of them went to prison for anything he wrote."

"Well, but what do you do about the question of civil liberties?"

"We *do* write about it—in poems, in articles. And before long this question will also be treated in books."

Now there are two points of interest in this little extract from an immensely long conversation. The first is that Zapotocky, far from not interfering in the critical activities of the Writers' Union and its members, slapped them down pretty fiercely not long ago; and even, it is said, threatened a mass removal of party cards if "this sort of thing continues." The second is that although these "safe" writers would not admit this to me, they were nonetheless on the defensive. There is still plenty of Stalinism left in the Czech party hierarchy; but the stuffing seems to have gone out of its intellectuals. They do not argue: they seem to know that there is nothing to argue about. They merely hang on.

This defensiveness is important for those—and they are many, both in and out of the CP—who look forward eagerly to a further easing of the intellectual atmosphere. People talk pretty freely in Prague today: there may be a great deal of apprehension, but active fear seems to have disappeared. In these much improved circumstances the battle between those who want to write the truth, as they see it, and those who are afraid of anything but propaganda is narrowly fought with honours about equal. Not long ago, I was told (but not in the Writers' Union, bless you), a Slovak novelist published a novel about the Slovak rising of 1944. He described the motives that made men fight, whether good, bad or indifferent—the qualities of any partisan company anywhere. His book sold 10,000 copies in a few days, and was then ordered to be withdrawn.

Publishing certainly looks up. If the number of titles is not so many as before the war (I do not have the pre-war figure), it is still surprisingly large. Current figures show that since 1950 the Czechs have published an average of about 500 novels a year, and about 200 children's titles a year. In 1956 they published 555 novels in 6,825,000 copies—or about one copy for every two people in the country. About half of these were translations, increasingly from western writers; and few novels appear in first editions smaller than 10,000. (This is the mark, it seems, at which a Czech publisher can expect to break even; for books are cheap.) Until lately none but the "safest" of western writers could appear: now there is, or is about to be, a number of books by Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell, Vercors, Françoise Sagan, as well as Greene's *Quiet American*, John Reed's *Ten Days that Shook the World*, and others. It would seem that only Koestler and Orwell are still considered as "impossible." The classics, of course, were always well published in Czechoslovakia. This has continued through the grey years. What I am told is an excellent translation of *The Canterbury Tales* came out in 10,000 copies even in 1953; and a new translation of *The Voyage of the Beagle* lately sold as many. "Now, thanks to the 20th Congress and all that," someone added, "we are even considering Meredith and Henry James."

Jokes are also looking up; and that is no small sign of grace in Central Europe. Of the Soviet intervention in Hungary it is grimly joked against the party leaders: "Why did the Russians intervene in Hungary? Because they were afraid of the Czechs."

Even *Tvorba*, an orthodox party paper, has lately ventured on a joke or two against the bureaucratic machine.

"Conversation with a bumble-bee: 'Well, I know I don't fly straight, and I know I don't *get* anywhere. But I make a lot of noise, don't I?'"

The party machine doesn't take this lying down. It booms forth periodical warnings against "liquidators" and such. It is still in absolute power. It is still baleful and morose, and liable to bite. But its bark is now, at last, by no means the only noise that may be heard above the clicking of official typewriters.

BASIL DAVIDSON

On Snooping

THE first time I discovered that my telephone calls were being tapped, I distinctly heard a hiccup on the line. I paused and said: "By the way, McGuire, are you getting all this down?" And a flustered voice said: "Surentogod, no, sorr! Would you mind going a wee bit slower?" It was in Dublin, in the days of the Irish "Blueshirts." General O'Duffy, their leader, had declared me a "public enemy," and "Dev's" government had considerately given me police protection—a good enough pretext for keeping tabs on my other activities as well, since we were under martial law. McGuire, my faithful shadow, however, had no finesse; he just listened-in to my London calls on the hotel switchboard, and the beer, with which I had thoughtfully plied him in the Palace bar, gave him away.

The next occasion was less amusing. The shirts had changed their colour. Mosley had denounced lots of us for the evidence we gave after the riot at Olympia. The Blackshirts smashed the windows of my home in Dulwich Village. No question of police protection. While my wife and family were being intimidated by the Fascists, my telephone was being tapped to check on my anti-Fascist activities. How I discovered that is another matter; but I challenged a member of the Special Branch with it at the time. I asked him when they first started to tap my telephone. "But," he prevaricated, "you know we don't tap telephones—not without the Home Secretary's permission." To which the obvious retort was "When did you get it?"

Those early occasions are so long ago and one has come to take the practice so much for granted that one might feel perversely affronted (like the lady who was *not* pinched in Rome) by the idea that one's calls were no longer worth tapping. Therefore, it is surprising, and encouraging, to find public concern about a practice which *The Times* calls "odious."

Of course, methods have been greatly refined since those days, when it was almost as crude as listening at keyholes. Apart from the listening-post in Petty France, through which suspect calls can be officially channelled, there are no doubt more furtive methods—and not just bogus linesmen in a hole in the road. You would not hear McGuire hiccupping at the telephone switchboard, and "they" would not necessarily rely on his, or any detective's shorthand. They would use a tape-recorder—though how anyone, and especially Sir Hartley Shawcross and the Bar Council, can accept as trustworthy a transcript made in such circumstances, beats me.

Recently, I was going over a B.B.C. telediphone transcript with a producer. This is a legitimate business by which, in preparation for a programme, there is an unscripted, unlimbered rehearsal which is typed from the tape-recording by the expert transcribers. In this case, although each of the speakers had identified himself and his voice at the outset, the telediphone experts had lost the identifications in the free-for-all discussion. This led to a discussion on the uncertainty of voice-identification; and some of the radio boys went off into another room with a tape-recorder and mimicked public men. The result was devastating. You can imagine what could happen: with face-less voices, you could have (apparently) Captain Waterhouse holding an "old-boy" telephone conversation with Nasser.

Apart from that, there is no limit to what you can do to a tape-recording with scissors and sticky tape. A perfectly authentic voice-recording can be made to mean exactly the opposite of what was intended. By judicious editing—cutting out qualifications and juggling the pieces of tape—a person could be made to commit himself completely. A "Yes" can be transposed for a "No" as easy as winking. Even the sequence of events can be altered. For instance, when I flew over the North Pole, I made a recording of the "intercomm" conversations between the crew. Then I realised that to the ordinary listener the navigation jargon would be unintelligible; and, on the return journey, I recorded the navigator's explanation of what had been happening. When I came to make the programme, it was obvious that to fly the listener over the Pole and *then* have the expert explain would be anti-climax—the explanation ought to come first, so that the listener could follow. No bother at all! By cutting, shuffling and rejoining the tape and, using only the navigator's own words we made the past tense into future—not what had been happening but what was going to happen. That is why tape recordings should never be accepted as evidence by any court of law—or by the Bar Council.

But why get excited only about tapped telephone calls? There are plenty of other varieties of snooping. There is the trick, almost conventional since the war, of the camera looking like, and no bigger than, a cigarette-lighter. The first time I saw one was in an aircraft crossing the Atlantic during the war, with a full complement of suspicious characters. One of the British passengers was having difficulty with his lighter and, as he wandered around the Clipper, kept trying it; but his cigarette remained unlit. The truth dawned on me when I remembered that I had offered him a cigarette in Lisbon and he had told me he did not smoke! He was snapping everyone for the record.

Then there is the wire-recorder, with a wire two thousandths of an inch thick, so that a tiny spool can record two and a half hours' conversation. With its miniature batteries, it can fit into an inside pocket. I had one with me in the Arctic for the honest purpose of dictating the notes I could not make in pencil with horse-hide mitts. This gadget is ideal for eavesdropping. At an international conference, I saw an American whom I had known in a war-time incarnation, and whose past activities *might* have had some relevance to his presence. He was joining various groups of scientists who were in an off-duty, cocktailish, mood and likely to be indiscreet. When he joined me, I looked for a likely bulge in his jacket. It was there all right. I asked him the time. He told me, so I knew that his watch was not a wrist-mike. Had it been, it would have been a dummy. I loudly admired his tie and invited the British scientist who was with me to share my admiration. No doubt the button-hole microphone concealed under it duly noted our enthusiasm, but not the owner's embarrassment. And I

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suppose people are aware of the use of television cameras concealed in the decorations of interview rooms and of polarised glass screens behind which observers can watch without being seen—the sort of thing exam invigilators—or Big Brother—might use. It is later than we think. 1984 is a bare 27 years ahead.

RITCHIE CALDER

What a Year!

I USED to wonder why Kubla Khan decreed his dome beside a sunless sea. I have spent my life in England, mostly on the Pennines, and the sun to me is what the Pacific was to Cortez. My surmises about it, though less correct, are at least as wild as his was. As, each year, it makes a watery appearance between scurrying clouds, I think that at last we are going to have another of those summers. But we almost never do. After a day or two, a grey film is drawn across the sky and the sea turns to slate. Looking back, I can remember only two golden summers, and one of them, 1911, is not so much a memory as a vague sensation. Yet, this year, because for a week we have had bright, clear skies and temperatures rising to the 80s, I am at it again. Because of a moment's sun, I believe that the 1957 summer will be as full of sunlit pleasure as was the summer of 1921.

What a year that was for a schoolboy! The Great War was nearly three years behind us and for the first time in our lives we were beginning to taste butter and to eat ice-creams which were really cream. The sun shone so continuously through the long days that, even when the morning sky was red, neither we nor the shepherds were alarmed. We abandoned our classrooms and spent the school hours under the trees round the playing fields. At night we abandoned our beds and slept, because we thought it was cooler or knew that it was different, on the hard boards underneath the wash-stands; and sometimes we crept through the warm silence to bathe in the river at midnight. Whether we did any work or not I do not know; but I do know that in those few months we built stores of memories which have not been eroded by the rain nor lost in the fogs of the following 36 years.

Naturally, for those young days, most of the memories are of sport. The fields turned from green to yellow and from yellow to brown as the sun burned the grass; but on our field one strip remained green. We watered it every evening and on it, at last, after ten long years, we beat our deadliest cricket rivals. They had observed the Oxford City Council's ban on hoses and so were unused to a turning wicket. But it was the outside world of sport which that year was at its most exciting. During the war there had been no national cricket or football or tennis or golf; but by 1921 all was blossoming again just at the moment when we were ripe for it. I do not remember before or since four such glorious sporting weeks as those which ended June and began July. There was Warwick Armstrong and his Australians, playing the third Test at Leeds. Armstrong himself was a considerable figure, in more senses than one. He taught English captains to read the rules and, by sitting down on the pitch and reading a newspaper until they were finished, he taught English barrackers the virtues of silence. But in his side were two even greater men—Gregory, who bounded at the wicket like a lion leaping towards his prey, and Macdonald, who sneaked up to it like a gym-shoed master trying to catch us talking after lights out. They were the two fastest bowlers alive. Their names could not be used to terrify us into silence, as Boney's was of old; for, beneath the security of the wash-stands, we hit them for six in our mind's eye night after night. But they did terrify grown-up batsmen who had to face them in the middle.

Then there was the lanky devastating Tilden. When the Kaiser put an end to Wimbledon for the duration, tennis-servers were only recently out of the under-arm stage. But now there was Tilden with his cannon ball, so fast that few could see it though all could hear it. And there was young Roger Wethered, a casual amateur from the university, who entered the Open Golf Championships to pass the time between two cricket matches and tied for first place with the American, Jock Hutchison. Wethered would have won if, after getting a sight of the flag at the 14th, he had not walked backwards on to his ball and lost a stroke. Above all, there was Georges Carpentier who had twice knocked out our pug-like Joe Beckett inside a minute and a half with his killing right, and who was now challenging Jack Dempsey far away in Jersey City. Carpentier, slight by heavy-weight standards, and handsome by any standards, was matched against the rugged, unshaven Manassa Mauler. All Europe pinned its faith to Carpentier's right. In the second round Carpentier landed it—but broke his own thumb and sprained his own wrist. All that happened on Dempsey's face was a look of mild surprise. Dempsey swamped Carpentier; Hutchison swamped Wethered in the play-off; Armstrong and his men swamped England and Tilden blistered everybody. But the pain of these defeats was soothed away at once by the sun which shone and shone until for us, at any rate, even railway strikes and the threat of war with Turkey were lost in all-blinding brightness.

Now can it be that 1921 has come again? The West Indies are here. We are into the weeks of Ascot and Wimbledon and Henley, and the sun is shining. One can sit in the hollow coolness under the stands at Lords and watch Compton, perhaps in his last season, twirl his white bat and show us why the word "stroke" is used in cricket. If one is lucky one may even see him through the long day's glare until, in mellowed evening, the ground draws shadows over itself from the stands. But it cannot be quite the same, not even if the sun shines until September and Compton bats all summer long. For in one's 50th year the world is no longer enclosed. That click of ball against wicket—does it not half remind us of the gentle tap, tap, tap on the telephone? The swallows are circling through the evening air? But the nark's on the wing, too. Bobby Locke explodes one from a bunker? His, unhappily, are not the only explosions. The world of one's childhood was enclosed, but we saw no bars. Now the world is wide open and sometimes nothing but bars are visible. However much the sun may shine, 1957 can never be as good as 1921.

But I still wish it would have a try.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Family von Falkenhausen

IN Santiago de Compostela, in Galicia, I spent a lot of my time drinking in the Club Cuba. I had a cocktail named after me, the Anthony Fiz. It was a haunt of medical students and infantry officers, and there was the occasional black myopic priest fishing for a soul. You could eat appetisers with your wine, tiny saucers of food called *tapas*, and their names, together with Anthony Fiz, were chalked up on the mirror. Heart Disease, Tuberculosis, Hidden Urges, Depth Charges and Post-Mortems. I spent quite a long time downstairs at the bar, drinking wine and *aquardiente*, and playing dice with the officers. The stakes were Gibraltar against one canon of the cathedral or six priests (delivered at the station). Then I moved upstairs into the private banqueting rooms, where select people ate shellfish and drank champagne and there was music and fun—often until five o'clock in the morning. I was known as the Spy. They were nice people, but after a month I couldn't stand the pace and accepted a lift on a bull-fight lorry to a little town called Villa Manuel, in one of those blue-green, singing bays of Galicia.

On the second day there I met the family von Falkenhausen. They were husband, wife and daughter. The husband, Otto, was a tall, bony man with an expression of enormous patience and virtue; it stood out against Galicia like the face of a snow man. His wife was not very noticeable and always wore sunglasses, but the daughter, Tinette, was amazingly pretty. She was sixteen, and was studying organic chemistry in Brussels. "I love chemistry very deeply," she said, looking into my eyes like a lovely fox. I felt maddened and a desperate chill ran from my heart all around the peninsula. In Spain love does not mix with chemistry; it is an agony, a music, a complicated boredom. It is something to do with the light, or the Moors.

At first Otto told me all the family were Belgian, but then admitted that he himself was German. He had a very expensive car and we all used to drive out into the soft moonlight and gaze at the sea. There were always about four young men round Tinette boring her with slow romance, and Madame von Falkenhausen knitted something. The old moon was Otto's and mine. "Beauty is a necessity," he said. "That is why I am travelling. My work is so frightful." He waved his arm at the sea and shuddered. He began to talk about his work and his life. He was a scientist and operated some enormous machine with gamma rays. "Dead bodies," he said almost in a whisper. "You get used to them, of course. But it's the ether. . . ." "What's wrong with the ether?" I asked. "It clings to you," he said. "The whole house in Brussels stinks of ether. You can't wash it away. And it's anti-aphrodisiac, you know."

He had been right through the war, and had been overrun, bombed, blitzed and liberated ("two or three times"). He had worked as interpreter for German and Allied generals alike. "Remarkably good fellows," he said. "All of them. There was an S.S. general, for instance, I will never forget. It was just before a decisive battle, and I discovered that Tinette, who was then three, had got lost in a tank. He had it removed back to base and dismantled."

A few days later we all drove over to Santiago and I took them to the Club Cuba. A shiver went through the establishment, and in ten minutes Cocktail Tinette was chalked on to the mirror. Pretty French girls are as successful in Spain as animals in England, both being unpredictable. We ate plates of Tuberculosis and drank wine and then the family went to visit the cathedral. I was surrounded by officers and students and waiters, all in a state of acute nostalgia. "For God's sake," they said, "bring her up to the banqueting rooms." "I can't," I said. "She's got a father and mother." "But you're a spy," said one of the officers bringing out the dice; "You can do anything." We threw the dice, Tinette against the Canaries. I lost.

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By the time the family had returned, a banquet had been arranged, beautiful, silvery sardines purloined, lobsters inveigled, champagne iced.

It was easy to get them up to the rooms, music and laughter were trickling down the stairs, and you could smell the creamy brine of the sardines, baked to a turn. "It is wonderful to meet the people," said Otto. "One's head is too full of angels and crypts." He almost immediately met a man who had been a chemist. In a moment they were talking about ether, and I began to dance with his wife. She had taken off her dark glasses, and was laughing helplessly. I was amazed to see the malice of her eyes. Tinette had disappeared, and I felt a tinge of worry. I liked Otto enormously, and he knew these people as my friends. I went down below and found her in a corner of the room drinking cognac and eating Hidden Urges with a tall man with burning eyes. I knew him as a married man with four beautiful children, and had often played dice with him. His name was Mario. "Are you all right, Tinette?" I asked her. "Translate," cried the man, jumping up and striding forward. "I asked this young lady if she was all right," I said. "On behalf of her father." "It is an insult," cried the man, "to be avenged by blood. I am a gentleman." I could see tears in his eyes, and his hands were trembling. "She is pure as a lily," he cried. "She is as delicate as a mimosa flower, as defenceless as a butterfly, and I defend her with my sword." "It's her father," I said. "It is not," he cried, pointing. "You are old, but you want her for yourself." At this moment Otto came down the stairs, and we ceased the conversation, and all sat round the table playing dice. We got rather drunk, and somebody's wife sang enchantingly in my ear.

Later in the morning we all found ourselves at a military aerodrome. I was introduced formally as a spy, and we climbed into an aeroplane and flew over Santiago. "Where is my daughter?" Otto asked the chemist. "It's all right," he said. "She's in another aeroplane." Both the planes landed at the same time, and I saw Tinette and Carlos getting out of the other one. Later on, Otto's wife disappeared. "Look here," Otto said to me. "You are a sensible person. I'm enjoying all this immensely, but it's terribly undisciplined. I have a schedule and it's got to be adhered to. A husband and a father is a captain of his ship. There's Valladolid, Salamanca and Cordoba." "I understand," I said. Indeed I did. I felt as disorganised as he did, though not quite. But I wanted to get out of this Celtic mist, and extricate the family as well. I began to suggest to the others that we ought to be getting back to Santiago in order to let the Belgian family continue on their journey. "In a moment or two," said one of the officers. We were all getting drunk again, and a few hours later we were having a picnic in a field near a pine wood. Somebody was playing the bagpipes. "I can't stand bagpipes," said Otto. "They frighten me. We really must start moving. You're a practical chap. Explain to them." "Certainly," I said. The woman was singing exquisitely in my ear again. I was approached by Carlos, who was crying openly. "This girl is an exquisite virgin," he said. "I respect her like an image on the Gate of Glory. She should be in a glass case. The family must stay." "They can't," I said. "You distrust me," he cried. "You want her." "I am going," I said. "You can't go," said Carlos. "None of you can go."

The family stayed another three days in Santiago. "It's impossible to hurt their feelings," said Otto. "They are so utterly friendly." By now Tinette and her mother were sneering at him. I suddenly saw that they both loathed the captain of their ship. But he was a fine man. "You are a good friend," he said to me, his German eyes glowing. "You will help us to get our baggage and leave." The baggage was in the house of the chemist's step-brother, and it took me a day to get the key.

One morning the family actually left, driving off from the Club Cuba, and just before he put in the clutch, Otto leant out of the car window. "There's something I'm sorry about, Anthony," he said. "What?" I asked. "It's about one of my suitcases. It's crammed with money." "Really?" I said. "I thought you knew," he said. "For one terrible moment I thought you were a gang." He held out his hand, and he looked terribly moved. I shook it and I kissed the women and he drove off. Then I went back into the club. Carlos was there moodily drinking a Cocktail Tinette. "What'll you have?" he asked me. "An Anthony Fiz," I said. Then we began playing dice.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Glyndebourne

L'Italiana in Algeri, Rossini's first great success in the field of opera buffa, has freshness, exuberance and vivacity; but it is neither melodically so rich as *La Cenerentola*, nor harmonically so subtle as *Le Comte Ory*. The centre of the opera, from Isabella's first glimpse of the Bey in Act 1 as far as the quintet, "Ti presento", in Act 2, is excellent; the great weakness lies in the dénouement. The Italians make their escape by enrolling the infatuated Bey in an imaginary Order of (infinitely gullible) "Pappataci"—a device so feeble that one might have wondered whether, like Isabella's patriotic aria, it had not originally some topical point, but for the fact that the same libretto had served another composer five years before. The scheming gives rise to an excellent male-voice trio, which brought down the house at Glyndebourne; but it is dramatically lame.

The great difficulty in casting such operas is to find good comedians who can sing the very difficult music. Oralia Dominguez, already known as the Tippettian Madame Sosostris and the Verdian Mistress Quickly, was a distinct success. In timbre, figure and stage personality, she is perhaps a little nearer to Lady Catherine de Bourgh than to Elizabeth Bennet; but that might well suit an amorous Bey, and she certainly made a splendid boss: she ran the whole show, sang the roulades with aplomb, and had one delicious moment at the pianissimo reprise of "Per lui che adoro." Juan Oncina, the tenor, Lindoro, has a treacherous patch in the upper reaches of his voice, but otherwise sang and acted with great charm. The Bey was Paolo Montarsolo, who is obliged to mug the florid bits, but is an amusing and spontaneous basso buffo, with a particularly comical way of using his hands. The most stylish single performance was that of Marcello Cortis as Isabella's timid and elderly admirer, Taddeo. Peter Ebert's production showed tact and invention: not quite enough invention, it is true, to keep the house continuously chuckling, but that would be a difficult feat to achieve with a non-Italian-speaking public too shy and correct to applaud until the curtain falls. Osbert Lancaster's quasi-oriental sets and costumes were perfectly in keeping and could hardly have been bettered.

Vittorio Gui, the leading spirit in these revivals, steered his singers and the Royal Philharmonic smoothly and deftly through the light ripples of Rossini's score; he relinquished *Die Zauberflöte*, last year's new production in the attractive sets of Oliver Messel, to the Swiss conductor, Paul Sacher. This was one of the best performances I have ever seen of an opera which can easily grow tiresome. The tempi were perfectly chosen, the musical texture (especially the trios of Ladies and Boys) as smooth as silk, the orchestral playing a constant pleasure (bravo, the flautist!); while Carl Ebert's production nicely held the balance between solemnity and pantomime. The cast was distinguished. Pilar Lorengar was a Pamina of rare simplicity, who does not yet fill out every phrase with all the meaning a German would give it, but sings with a true legato, and negotiates the tricky part of her G minor aria with remarkable ease. Her Tamino, David Lloyd, looked well and phrased well; but his voice sounded strained. Mihaly Szekely possesses the rich, dark bass needed for Sarastro, and earned our gratitude by singing the arias with light and shade, not in the usual steady mezzo-forte. Margareta Hallin, not altogether pure in the lower part of her voice, delivered the Queen's fireworks with stunning accuracy and considerable volume; Geraint Evans repeated his lovable Papageno; and Kevin Miller made a particularly neat and effective Monostatos. With these two productions, the Glyndebourne season has got off to an excellent start.

On Monday last, at the Festival Hall, the Institute of Contemporary Arts gave a concert in honour of Stravinsky's seventy-fifth birthday, at

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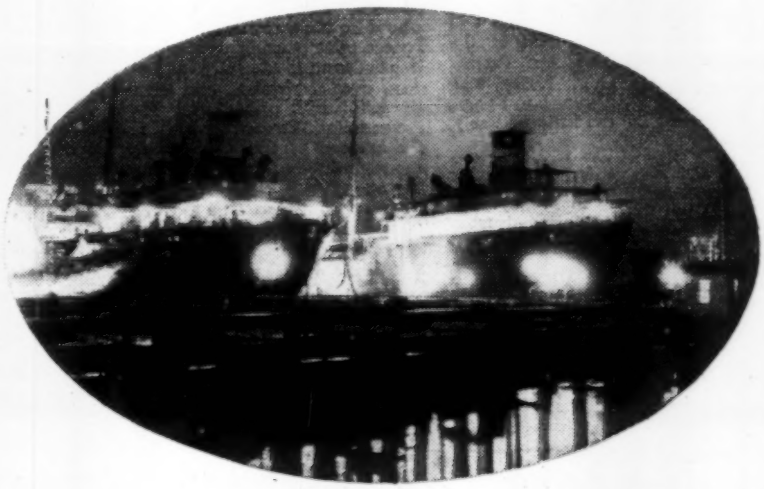

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which the L.P.O. was conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. Since *The Rite of Spring* is by now well known to concert-goers and still better known to gramophone owners, interest centred on the two vocal works which filled the first half of the concert. One of these, *Le Roi des Etoiles*, though composed in 1911, was a virtual novelty, and proved impressive out of all proportion to its brevity—it lasts for some six or seven minutes only. This curiosity in the Stravinsky *oeuvre* (of which a full and handsomely illustrated catalogue has just been published by Boosey & Hawkes, at 6s.) is a setting for male-voice choir of a mystical poem by Balmont. With its fervent and close-packed choral style, recalling the liturgical music of the Orthodox Church, the work sounds intensely Russian. The accompaniment for a large orchestra has some characteristic writing for wind instruments *en bloc*, but one might otherwise be hard put to it to guess the authorship of this strangely beautiful piece. The harmony is bold, and the neglect of the work has been ascribed to the consequent difficulty of the choral part; but the Elizabethan Singers handled this (and the Russian text) with confidence, though the colour of their tone was probably paler than that envisaged by the composer.

Persephone, especially the first and last parts, is full of lovely music in the airy, classical manner of *Apollo Musagetes*, and would surely have won a wider acceptance but for the fact that, commissioned by Ida Rubinstein, it is one of those uneasy hybrids: part ballet, part cantata, part music, part speech. The more beautifully Madeleine Renaud declaimed Gide's text and the more subtle and delicate the accompanying music, the more difficult it became to attend to both at the same time; it was like being tuned in to two wireless stations neither of which will yield to the other. The tender vernal lyricism of the early choruses was well caught by the London Bach Choir, and Michel Sénéchal, made a distinguished tenor soloist as the Priest-narrator, Eumolpos. If only Stravinsky could have recast the work with an abbreviated text and a soprano heroine, what a masterpiece we might have had.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Repertory to the Rescue

THE Channel Islands have now for some years been a convenient bolt-hole for income-tax evaders, ambivalent bar-tenders, public-school men cagey about their *provenance* and other jolly people who are justified neither by faith nor works. They might, however, be justified by musical comedy and there seemed a chance that the authors of *Salad Days* would bring them into their own. The clean sea breezes do indeed blow through *Free As Air* at the Savoy, but they have shed their salt on some mainland that we were not allowed to visit. They arrive innocent not only of salt, but of the mustard, pepper, herbs and garlic which are the essential ingredients of comedy. "It's not quite nice to bite," might be the opening line of a lyric more questionable than any that is offered to us here. It seemed, however, to one onlooker to strike the keynote of a desperately innocuous entertainment. When Lord Paul Posthumous exclaims: "I can't head my hold up," and on being asked the time replies: "Sex-thirty," I longed for a bomb to explode under the Adelphi arches.

Miss Gillian Lewis looks, sings and acts pretty. There are some pretty tunes which will keep the debs happy through the rest of the season, and some pretty sets by Mr. Patrick Robertson. But what is Mr. Denis Carey, who can produce anything from Shakespeare to Synge, and whom we have heard far too little of lately, doing in this *galère*?

I am afraid that I had never heard of the Hornchurch Repertory Company. But if the performance now being given by these players at the Arts Theatre is any indication of the quality of middle-sized "Rep," it is small wonder that English acting is so good. *Time to Speak*, by Sylvia Rayman, was the 1957 Repertory Festival play and it beats Mr. Rodney Ackland at his own game. The Arts Theatre has been carefully decorated to discourage any idea of entertainment, for it is impossible to conceive a scheme of colour more repulsive to the eye; yet I was held riveted to my seat for the whole evening. Here is a taut and skilful melodrama with real people, gripping dialogue and an exciting situation. Lewis has killed a man—no great loss, one is led to believe—and in the course of escaping to Brighton, where forged papers and free transport to the Continent await him, he has a car accident in the mist. He and his wife turn up at a house, where the lights are on and the owners out. The proprietor, Paul, is blind and embittered, and when he returns he extends a very cool hospitality to the two squatters. But he thaws considerably under the influence of Lewis's wife, Jacqueline, who gives him back the self-confidence that his own wife, Lydia, had not known how to restore. Lewis and Jacqueline stay with them for four days while the hunt is on. The climax and conclusion of the play are too thrilling to divulge, but there is a constant and plausible progression not only of plot but of personal relationships.

The R.A.F. has had a raw deal from dramatists lately—one remembers Mr. Kenneth More's brilliant wastrel in *The Deep Blue Sea*—and here not only Lewis, but the chum in Brighton on whom he unsuccessfully relies for escape, are ex-fighter pilots flirting with a seedy nihilism. Mr. James Grout is admirable as Lewis—the ruthlessness, over-confidence, and masculine conceit are all brilliantly underlined. It is hardly Miss Gwendoline Watford's fault if she fails to suggest the margins of the *demi-monde*, for one cannot expect bull's-eye casting in Repertory; as Jacqueline she gives a taut, nervous and splendidly controlled performance in a most difficult part. Miss Jessica Spencer lets us see the whole of Lydia, conventional, equable, good-natured and emotionally tight. Mr. Tony Church really behaves like a blind man, and Mr. Geoffrey Russell is a believable Inspector. The play is firmly and unobtrusively directed by Miss Nancy Poultney and one congratulates Hornchurch on not having lost it long ago to a couple of West End stars greedy for good parts.

Although it is a general duty of dramatic criticism to keep Miss Yvonne Arnaud before the public for as long as possible, the great shades of the Aldwych forbid one to be too indulgent. So we must tactfully hint that we have seen her in better plays. The trouble with *Six Months' Grace* at the Phoenix is not that it is blatantly improbable—in fact, the blatancy is rather bracing—but that it is keyed to comedy and not to farce. Miss Arnaud herself is adorably improbable; why that French accent, eternally unexplained? We believe nothing that ever happens to her, but we accept it all. We don't believe, for example, that she would ever run into debt. The *roucoulements* that lay her at our feet cannot quite conceal an undertone of realism, and we are pretty sure that if she had replaced her husband as chairman of a company altogether too magnoperative to be true she would have declared an astronomical dividend. Imminent bankruptcy is just not within her range; but then it is the joy and freedom of farce to hold everything within its range, and it was perhaps the fault of the director rather than the authors' (Robert Morley and Dundas Hamilton) to have suggested, now and again, that all this might conceivably have happened.

Mr. Richard Caldicot, who ends up as chairman of the company, about to be married to the super-efficient Scots secretary who will long be its *éminence grise*, is visibly straining at the leash. He would much rather have been appearing with Miss Arnaud in a farce by M. Georges Feydeau; and we agree with him. The play is rich in secretaries. Miss Molly Urquhart gives us the brisk competence that is only born north of the Tweed, though it usually migrates to the south

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of it, and Miss Barbara Hicks is the purest thing in platinum that ever hooked a Bradford industrialist. Mr. Michael Shepley puts me in a difficulty. For years I have longed to see this delightful comedian as Sir Toby Belch and whenever he appears in another part I am disappointed. This is manifestly unfair. As the displaced Chairman, Mr. Shepley is as ripe and dry as ever, and it is high time he were given a field-day.

Apologies to Mr. Arthur Lowe. It was he who gave so good a performance of Bret Vokes in *A Dead Secret*.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

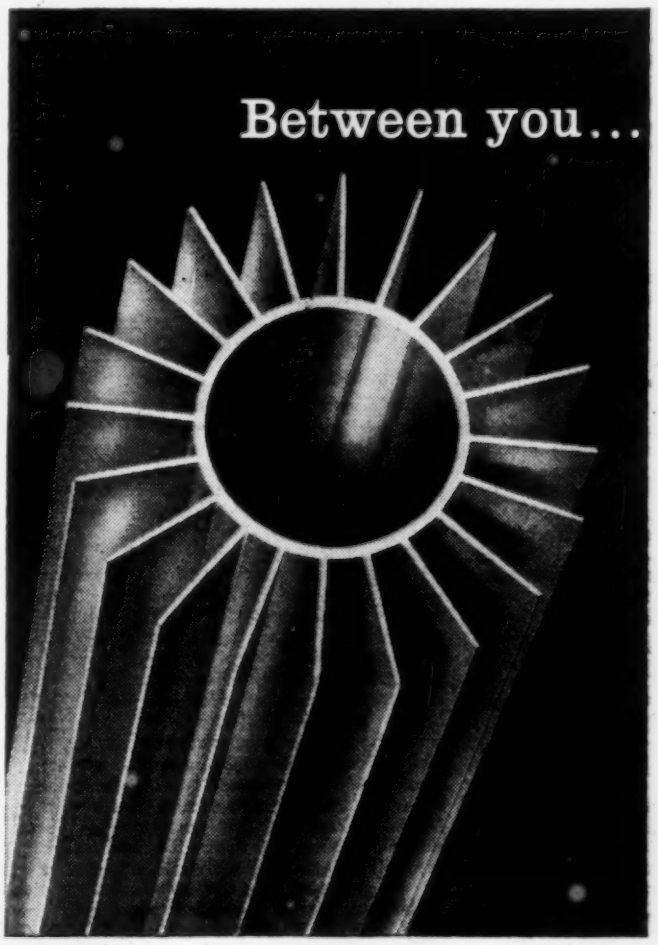
Sidney Nolan

ONE of the reasons why so much painting done now is abstract is, I suppose, that painting subjects has become rather embarrassing. Traditional "literary" subjects seem irrelevant, new ones excessively private, and the "unliterary" subjects, such as nudes or bowls of fruit or fields, posing there like sitting ducks, seem boring. Also, almost any subject you can think of has either been discredited, through its exploitation by the wrong kind of artist, or made unapproachable through being handled by too many of the right kind. It seems that every subject worth painting has been painted to death.

If this problem does not seem to arise for Sidney Nolan (who has a retrospective exhibition in Whitechapel), if he is one of the few painters of consequence working today who is obsessed with a subject as well as with the act of painting, it must to some extent be because he comes from a country whose painters have not already discovered everything about it that is paintable—a compensation for the disadvantages of having no tradition to work in. But what is it that Australia has given Nolan by way of subject? If we say themes which are as full of romance and of irony as those of Ned Kelly, Bourke and Wills, the Eureka uprising, Mrs. Fraser and the convict Bracefell, it is to ignore the fact that Nolan also exercises his particular magic upon themes like the flight of Icarus and the tempting of St. Anthony. At the same time, all Nolan's figures inhabit an Australian landscape, and this suggests that these unique and fantastic landscapes are his great source of inspiration. Yet it seems to me that the strangeness of these landscapes must be more of a hindrance to a painter than a help, for they are so outlandish that they already look like works of art. (This is why Drysdale's depictions of the Australian desert look like provincial imitations of surrealist inventions.) Landscapes of this kind are of more use to the photographer than the painter, and, indeed, Nolan's well-known photographs of carcasses in the desert seem to me more true and compelling than his paintings of the same subjects. So it is not so much from the landscape itself that Nolan seems to have drawn his inspiration as from a certain kind of interaction between landscape and figures—a feeling that the figures are situated in something as vast and relentless as the sea. Nolan is not the only Australian artist to have expressed this relationship: the same feeling pervades John Heyer's remarkable film, *Back of Beyond*. There is something else about this film that is relevant to Nolan—the sadness and desolation that hangs around abandoned buildings (especially the ruins of the mission-house): these are not picturesque bits of scenery, like the ruins in European paintings and photographs and films; they are the corpses and skeletons of buildings. The sense of the reality of the past which is reflected here, is found in Nolan also—as if the past could be felt most intensely and obsessively where the past only means 150 years. Certainly, it is Nolan's extraordinary sense of the reality of history that makes his paintings convey much more than a collection of local myths enacted in a local landscape, makes them convey an idea about man and nature of which Icarus can be the incarnation as Ned Kelly can.

If one tends naturally to speak of Nolan's pictures in terms of their subject-matter and content, it is because the pictorial means are used so successfully in the service of the imaginative conception, not because they are outweighed by it, not because Nolan's art is, as *The Times* art critic believes, "an art of illustration" with failings "which would make it impossible to return to many of these pictures more than once or twice with any æsthetic pleasure." Nolan, as I see him, has a highly exciting delicacy of touch, most subtly sensuous, and is a beautiful colourist whose colour functions with perfect precision and economy to evoke depth and space. The actuality of his distances and his nearnesses, the height of his skies, the way people stand or sit—these, the visual realities, hold us as much as the tenderness, the poignancy, the wit. It is because of their conviction that one can come out of the Whitechapel Gallery and (if the afternoon is hot) see Nolans all over the East End of London.

A visit is recommended to the exhibition of Capogrossi at the I.C.A., which closes on Saturday the 22nd. He is a sort of Poulenc of a painter, working in the line of Klee but highly individual as well as charming and accomplished and entertaining. There is a little exhibition on show this Friday and Saturday from 2.30 to 6.30 at The White House, 119 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, and can be seen afterwards by appointment. The exhibits are pictures and pottery bought by the Ana M. Berry Memorial Fund, which exists to help young artists, and offers whatever it buys from them for re-sale. The most expensive painting is priced at £29. Enterprises



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of this kind often don't match their good will with discrimination. This one is an exception.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Anti-Gulliver

My preference this week goes to science fiction. *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (Dominion and New Victoria) flounders about before finding itself; but it has an idea.

Most of these supernatural threats come from outside looming large. Black Jellyfish are hatched under cupolas by the zombies of a supposed Government research station. Sources in space are drying up and Big Box trots from power station to power station sucking up energy. The Brontosaur, released by atom-bomb tests from polar ice, careers across seas and continents to be bombarded by 'flu germs in a fun fair. Spatial Carrots, if left to themselves, would not only walk off with the flower-show but the vicar's wife, too. Often the Martian strolling through the boulevards in the space-suit which is his evening dress, prefers blondes, a trait inherited from King-Kong, though, strictly speaking, he belongs to the prescientific era. Or—leaving space out of it—radiation works on the ant-gene, and ants ten feet tall come legging it out of the New Mexico desert. In all these cases there is a monstrous threat, civilisation topples, and then, after the combined armed forces have failed, the hero finds a weak spot in the visitors and annihilates them. All that happens in *The Incredible Shrinking Man* is that he himself grows smaller and smaller, till in the end he is living in a match-box, at war with a spider.

The process is gradual. He starts as a full-sized and a quite uninteresting husband (no fault of Grant Williams) who happens to meet a radioactive cloud when out yachting; this somehow acts on some insecticide he had got in the way of once going to the office. Alice did rather better when she went down a rabbit-hole and found a bottle saying Drink Me: However, he *does* start to get smaller, and that's what matters. One morning his wife comes back from shopping to find that the cat's had him; already, by the way, a cat has become worse than any Brontosaur. As a matter of fact he managed to get away and tumble into the cellar where, after dwindling to a few centimetres, his real adventures begin.

A cotton reel provides him with rope, which he can only cut by exploding the tipped mast that is a match. With one pin for a sword and another bent as a grappling hook he sets off on his travels. Cheese must be got from a mouse-trap, boxes must be climbed, chasms leapt between planks, and we see him tugging at the spider's web, luring him to battle. Then floods: the boiler leaks. Huge heels (one pair belonging to his wife) almost crush him, go away again. Through the fly-grille is a vision of the garden, lawn level; a bird there one day makes a tremendous appearance. A new and terrifying world is established, and quite rightly—despite some fuzziness at the end—he can never return to the old. Man become insect, he creeps in the ivy under the stars. (There's a hint, too, that perhaps only in some such way may humanity survive.) In fact, though this film lacks organisation and polish, particularly in its first half, it manages to go a little further and deeper than we expect; and how many films can that be said of? Our gratitude goes to the author and script-writer, Richard Matheson, and the director, Jack Arnold.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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NELSON

Critical Accidie

Never satchel-laden snail more glumly crept to school than I indoors to my television set in the middle of the hottest Sunday afternoon of the year. I must find out about the portable sets that one can look at in the shade of a tree (but by the time one got one, the heat-wave would be over). Some cars are now fitted with TV (for back-seat drivers only, fortunately): soon we shall be able to drive to Brighton, park the car on the front, sit in it watching a BBC OB unit televising cars parked on the front at Brighton, and drive home after an enjoyable day by the sea.

Was *any* programme worth sacrificing those golden hours for? I must admit that the three I saw, on two channels, all deserved more viewers than they probably had on such a day. They were (on the BBC) a film of last year's Liszt piano competition in Budapest and a direct broadcast, from above and below water, of Commandant Cousteau's Mediterranean explorations; and (on ITV) the first London presentation of Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn's *Personal Column*, long familiar to Midland viewers.

The Budapest film, compiled and compèred by Mr. Leonard Cassini, was a quite agreeable, but not altogether integrated, mixture of conventional travelogue (smiling countryside, galloping Hortobagy horses, radiant peasants) and straight piano recital. In the course of it, Mr. Cassini interviewed the composer Kodaly—so legendary a figure that I am afraid I had not realised he was still alive—and we witnessed performances by the Russian winner of the competition, Lev Nicolaievitch Vlasenko (white tie and tails, piano by Steinway), and a prodigiously accomplished Chinese boy, Liu Chih-kum, "on his first visit abroad, knowing no languages but Chinese and music." The commentary ended: "My story of Hungary has no ending because history has no ending: persons die, but people go on living." A lot of people, or persons, died in Hungary last autumn; unless this was an elaborately tactful allusion to those tragic events, it seemed almost uncanny to see a topical film about Hungary which ignored them. Stranger still has been the sequel to this programme—Hungarian protests, that it was "stolen" by the BBC, for whom, after all, it was made. According to the BBC, this misunderstanding has arisen because the *Yorkshire Post*, of all papers, wrongly described as illegal the difficult process of getting the film out of Hungary during the fighting.

How nobly the BBC's servants maintain its standards! The heat of Marseilles must have been grilling last Sunday, but Mr. Wynford Vaughan-Thomas—coatlessness his only concession—was the archetypal Briton abroad, with his neat collar, tie, and long shirt-sleeves, and his cheery "*Bongjoor, Commondong!*" to M Cousteau. As soon as we were under water, the pictures were, except for the absence of colour, as fascinating as *The Silent World* (for which the same camera was used); and in this alien world the immediacy of live television was a distinct gain. We were constantly aware of the possibility of mishap in the "pretty filthy" water of Marseilles harbour and among the "encrusted railings" of long-sunken ships, and some of the fish we met were notably queer. The aqualung, with the sense that it gives (as one commentator said) of "dream-flight achieved," is potentially as enlarging and liberating an invention as the aircraft.

Over, with Mr. Wedgwood Benn, to earth-bound man—including one unwilling to be so, a mysteriously space-suited figure who was one of the "advertisers" in this week's *Personal Column*. This is a TV version of a newspaper "agony column." It airs unusual, but real, wants, and does what a newspaper cannot do by showing us the "advertisers" in person. (I put the word in quotes because, though this is on the commercial channel, nobody pays to appear: the merit, or curious interest, of the story is the only admission-fee.) Thus, besides the would-be spaceman, we saw on Sunday a research sociologist who wants 600 intelligent, but not necessarily educated, people for a survey panel; a lorry-driver appealing to employers "not to abuse the relaxation of the speed-limit"; and a charming elderly lady who wants to drive a carload of people abroad. Such a programme is a natural target for cranks and eccentrics, and a few of them get into it; but, as those in charge of it say, "Why not?" "Cranks" and "eccentrics" are an excellent feature of English life, and occasionally the pioneers, saints, and savants of tomorrow. And it is claimed that the programme does some real good: it found premises urgently needed for a Midland youth-club; and a country parson who wanted six white mice for a church fête got several hundred white mice, several thousand people at the fête, and far more money than he needed. Mr. Benn handles his diverse petitioners with admirable ease, assurance, and speed: now that *Personal Column* is seen in London, his growing stature will be more widely apparent.

TOM DRIBERG

Two Büchner Plays, at Sadler's Wells

The Theater am Kurfürstendamm, of Berlin, began a one-week season at Sadler's Wells with a double bill of plays by Georg Büchner (1813-1837): the comedy, *Leonce and Lena*, and the fragmentary tragedy, *Wozzeck*. The astounding fact about these plays, apart from the precocious genius they revealed, was their apparent modernity. The comedy shows us a Prince, half romantic, half sardonic, bored with ceremony, in love with an ideal of impossible purity; with some twists of wry humour, his poetic ecstasy is reduced to the prose of life. The success of the performance depended mainly on the skill of Bruno Dallansky as a vagabond clown-philosopher. The same actor was intensely moving in the title role of *Wozzeck*, a drama now widely known through Berg's opera. The poor soldier, bullied by his superiors, stumbling from one humiliation to another, had in him, we were made to feel, a natural goodness and even dignity of soul; these qualities found touching expression in the gentleness and resonance of Herr Dallansky's voice in those passages where Wozzeck attempts to grasp and explain his predicament. He was well supported by the whole cast, and the play was imaginatively produced by Oscar Fritz Schuh against the effectively sketched scenery by Caspar Neher. It will be difficult to forget.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

THE PROSPECTS OF DISARMAMENT

SIR,—Until last month, few took disarmament seriously. Now, apparently, even Her Majesty's ministers realise that, for a variety of reasons, the Soviet government are genuinely anxious to secure a disarmament agreement. Disarmament, therefore, is now admitted to be a practical aim of policy. But, although ministers will, presumably, continue to appear to advocate disarmament in their speeches, it is likely that the government is in truth implacably opposed to it and will do what it can to prevent it.

The government's attitude is decided by three considerations:

(1) The immediate consequence of a disarmament would inevitably be a great reduction of international tension. Most Conservatives, however, distrust "co-existence" as being the prelude to a "lowering of the guard" against Communism—generally regarded by them as an *evil* in old-fashioned, absolute terms. Conservatives fear that the Communists would do their utmost to subvert any international co-operative scheme and that the Russians should be even more distrusted when apparently reasonable and *dona ferentes*. Something of this sort happened between May and September, 1955. The Summit Conference created the conditions for co-existence. But these did not last, since the West produced no co-existence policy, no policy that is, of compromise. People nervously wondered what would happen if, for example, the Soviet government asked to join GATT or the International Bank. Sir Anthony Eden's government really wanted the Russians meekly to acknowledge that they had been all wrong in the past so as to justify the policy of "negotiating from strength"; the West were not prepared for genuine settlements but stuck to cold war attitudes, and planned a re-armed, re-united Germany inside Nato. There can be no doubt that the many who, from indolence or interest, prefer the comparatively simple business of the cold war to the complicated currents of co-existence, were assisted by the Czech-Egyptian arms deal of September, 1955; co-existence, they claimed, did not work. There is no sign that Mr. Macmillan's government would act differently from that of Sir Anthony Eden, nor that the men of the cold war have been dislodged by those of the "open world."

(2) An elaborate disarmament control organisation would have to possess wide powers to inquire into details of defence expenditure and of armament production. It would no doubt be a U.N. specialised agency and would certainly be the most notable of all experiments in international collaboration. The present government, however, is highly nationalist and the Conservative rank and file hate the U.N.

(3) The government is interested, apparently, above all else in "greatness." This absurd metaphysic is still absurdly identified with military prowess. Hence Conservatives would prefer cuts in the welfare state to cuts in military expenditure. A ban on nuclear weapon production would thus be distasteful, since the government's ability to carry on, along with the U.S. and U.S.S.R., with this particular wastage plays an essential part in their game of pride-politics. Further cuts in conventional armament expenditure would be equally distasteful; first, because the surrender of more "show-the-flag" bases overseas would be inevitable; secondly, because the government's power to make up for the errors of its colonial policy, in, e.g., Cyprus, by the use of force would be drastically limited.

The British people, therefore, should not be surprised if the government does little to help Mr. Stassen and Mr. Zorin in their struggle for disarmament at Lancaster House.

HUGH THOMAS

BOMB TESTS

SIR,—In your issue of June 8, Professor Waddington made an attempt to summarise what we know and what we do not know about the genetical effects of nuclear explosions. He is clear, authoritative and explicit about what we know, but even those not very good at the uptake will conclude that our knowledge is so alarmingly slender that future policy should be based on *what might happen* to organic life on this planet if nuclear explosions are continued.

It is now universally admitted, even by spokesmen of governments, that radiation causes mutation and a number of genetic deaths. Every explosion will lead to genetic death for some human beings during the next few years or generations. Just how many, is a nebulous deduction from what we know of mutation rates in fruit, flies, mice and Indian corn. Apart from the work of Haldane and a few others, we know nothing of the mutation rate in man. It may be about the same as in mice. It may be much higher. In a world where the medical profession know just enough about genetics to be dangerous and our rulers know less, it is scandalous that we should know so little about radiation effects on all kinds of organisms from man downwards.

Ignoring the calculations of Muller and Haldane on the number of genetic deaths caused by mutations in man consequent on nuclear explosions, Professor Waddington merely cites the conclusion of the Medical Research Council Committee, that doubling the mutation rate for one generation would in the British population of about 20 million births per generation produce about 1,900 new cases of severe mental illness. Not a word about deaths. Possibly it is a breach of etiquette to mention deaths in a government report.

In my previous communication I mentioned some possible consequences of increased radiation. These are casually dismissed by Professor Waddington by the insinuation that I am misleading the unwary. He says "newly arisen types of gene die out before they affect many individuals. Artificial radiation . . . will increase the frequency with which such mutants appear but will not affect their chances of becoming established."

As it stands, this statement will not hold water. Mutations of pathogenic fungi in the direction of increased virulence have now been recorded several times. They have been induced by radiation. The chances of a virulent mutant becoming established depends on whether a large population of host plants

Why men leave home

Jane, aged 21, a native of Pinner, on why men leave home:—

"Cups and spotty saucers are like factories and offices, nobody would think of drinking out of a discoloured or cracked cup; I don't think folk like it any better when they pass a factory, office, hospital, school or home with the outside showing nobody cares much about its appearance. People guess the inside is probably worse still.

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is available for it to attack. There is no earthly reason why such a mutant should die out, when it has the opportunity to induce widespread epidemics.

My suggestion that virus mutants dangerous to man may arise through radiation receives support from a recent communication to the *Lancet* by N. W. Pirie of the Rothamsted Experimental Station. He suggests that the influenza epidemic in the Far East may be a consequence of the nuclear bomb tests. "It is among the viruses," he says, "that increased radiation is most likely to lead to an improvement in performance." This would confer the "ability to circumvent the specific immunity of the population that is being attacked and this is what the new variant of influenza seems to be able to do."

My object in writing this letter is not to denigrate the admirable analysis made by my friend Professor Waddington, but to stress the imponderables. It is not the little we know that matters, but the vast amount that we do not know. Until our knowledge of mutation rates and effects on a large range of organisms is increased, experiments on radiation should be confined to the laboratory.

Botany Department, S. C. HARLAND
The University, Manchester.

SIR,—Professor C. H. Waddington came to an acceptable conclusion, but parts of the ethical argument are so curious that there is a risk that some readers, who simply follow the argument, will find themselves out of agreement with the conclusion.

There is clear evidence that bomb tests increase the radiation to which we are exposed and that an increase in radiation will kill some people and cause disability to others. This is accepted by nearly every scientist. Lord Cherwell does not agree and we should accord his opinion the respect due to a biological pronouncement coming from an ex-professor of physics. The only uncertainty is about the number of deaths to be expected and the number and nature of the disabilities. Some estimates range into the thousands. To carry the ethical argument, there is no need for so large a number. Ten deaths from each test is sufficient and it is unlikely that any informed person will claim that that is an overestimate.

These deaths are a necessary feature of the explosion; they are part and parcel of it and not the consequence of a blunder or mistake. Anyone who arranges an explosion must accept the fact that he is arranging these deaths. Road casualties, which feature prominently in many arguments and which Waddington mentions, are therefore essentially incomparable. Although their number increases as the number of vehicles on the roads increases, this is a consequence of human error and folly. It is perfectly reasonable for someone to launch a new car on the roads and to say that he will be careful and considerate enough not to cause any deaths. The people Sir William Penney kills are not killed because he bungles but because he succeeds.

This is only tolerated because these people are unknown and lost among the greater number of those dying in similar ways without the intervention of nuclear bombs. If each bomb-caused death could be identified the ethical position would be less obscured by statistics. The same final result is described whether we say that a certain number of people who would have been alive are now dead; or that chances of death for all of 2,700,000,000 people have been increased by one in some number of millions.

If it is contended that the ethics of bomb testing permits the sacrifice of these people so long as they are chosen at random, why is this permission restricted to nuclear weapons? People could be chosen at random for use in testing other weapons. It is only because the identity of the person killed would then be known—and would even be known before death—that such a proposal seems ludicrous. Quantitatively and ethically it is comparable to what the bomb testers are still being allowed to do. History and mythology show that, ultimately, people refuse to go on sacrificing to Moloch or the Minotaur, or Huehueteotl. It is time we abandoned nuclear sacrifice as well.

Harpenden, Herts. N. W. PIRIE

PACIFISM AND DEFENCE

SIR,—Thank you for your admirable article in support of my demand that there should be an inquiry into the possibilities of organised non-violent resistance as the foundation of our national strategy. The concluding passages of this article are a most excellent outline of the sort of question such an inquiry should examine and condemn the author of the article to membership of the committee or at the least one of its sub-committees! But I still believe a gift of £10,000 from some public-spirited person as a foundation would be useful in order to carry on with the preliminary educational work needed before we get our inquiry.

STEPHEN KING-HALL
162, Buckingham Palace Road,
S.W.1.

HUMANISM AND THE BBC

SIR,—Although I am grateful to the BBC for having repeated last Sunday my plea for fair play for Humanists in philosophic and religious broadcasting, yet I must write to support, from a different angle, Mrs. Knight's argument about BBC book reviews.

Naturally, I disagree with her on the merits of Mr. Schumacher's talk, and with *The Listener's* critic who spoke of its "wooziness." It was one of the most exciting talks I have heard; I gave the relevant copy of *The Listener* to two of the senior prefects at Wandsworth School and found them waiting for me at the school gates next day, one saying: "I can't get it out of my mind; I've had to read it two or three times." But the points made by Mr. Schumacher could all have stood on their own merits. They did not need to hang upon a criticism of Mr. Frankel's book. And it is no criticism of Mr. Schumacher to say that if able contemporary Christians are to be allowed the use of the BBC to cut up the arguments of representative liberal rationalists, then there is no excuse for the policy of never allowing a convinced humanist to come on the air to tear up the writings of some Christian author.

It is not generally understood, I think, that the argument here is not only between the Humanists and the Christians. There is also an argument between some Christians and others. Consistent with reasonable brevity, I shall sufficiently describe these two groups of Christians as those who strain back to a nineteenth-century (or even to a thirteenth-century) version of religious truth and those who strain forward to the religion of the twenty-first century. It is only the former who are frightened of open debate with the scientific Humanists because they know that in such debate they are defeated; the latter long for open debate with the superficially attractive but now increasingly out-of-date creed of the rationalists which, when properly understood against a true appreciation of the modern world, has no other effect than to send mind to the end of its tether. The present BBC policy of silence is not a victory for the kind of Christianity which is on its way out over the kind of religion which has it in its power to win the future.

Killerton, RICHARD ACLAND
Broadclyst, Exeter.

MELOUZA MASSACRE

SIR,—We are at a loss to understand why because the F.L.N. hurriedly issued a statement about the Melouza massacre in contradiction with the French statement, the matter should "become one of those obscure affairs which occur in every war." We know of no serious evidence supporting the original F.L.N. statement that the French committed the crime, and in fact the F.L.N. itself now declares it does not know who were the killers.

We know of many evil things done on both sides in Algiers. They are not at all of the same kind. We do not know of any crime parallel to this one attributed to the French on any good authority. We are shocked by the frivolity of the statement that the French have often massacred 300 persons and that this had passed unnoticed. Such inflation of the figures can only facilitate the tolerance of crime instead of its repression. We do not believe it would be possible to employ a French unit for the cold-blooded massacre of the entire male population of a large village without some members of the unit making statements about it fairly soon. We believe this would be obvious to anyone who might wish to organise such a deed.

We would like to point out that, to the honour of France, the evidence of misdeeds committed on the French side comes from upright Frenchmen, and that precisely those Frenchmen who have shown themselves fearless in speaking the truth accuse a section of the rebels in this case. Their judgment is not to be lightly rejected on the facile assumption that the facts can never be ascertained.

We would also point out that your correspondent does not discuss the possibility, if not probability, that the principal offence of the men of Melouza in the eyes of their murderers was their fidelity to the rival rebel organisation, the M.N.A. This organisation was certainly once very strong in this neighbourhood. This could explain why there were no French troops on the spot to protect the village.

8 Rue Halevy, NORA BELOFF
Paris, 9eme D. R. GILLIE

[This strange letter misrepresents and verbally distorts our correspondent's report. He did not say that "the French have often massacred 300 persons and that this had passed unnoticed," but: "In Algeria both belligerents are quite capable of massacring the population of a village, and this is not the first time that 300 innocent Algerians have been murdered by French units or by nationalist extremists." In fact, many cases have been "noticed," (indeed honestly reported) by the newspapers for which Miss Beloff and Mr. Gillie write, in which large numbers of Algerians have been murdered by nationalist extremists, or French units which include Senegalese, Foreign Legionaries, and squads recruited from the *colons*. We doubt whether the figure of 300 is "inflated" since numerous French air-raids on Algerian villages have certainly caused very heavy casualties among non-combatants.

Our correspondent wrote immediately after the massacre was known. He began by saying that

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the massacre "seems to have been carried out by the Algerian Front of National Liberation to 'punish' the population of Melouza for having asked for French protection against the rebels." He added, in our view very properly at the time of writing, that the rebels had claimed that it was a French massacre, and appended the words quoted above. We see nothing "frivolous" or unfair in this report.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE SICK IN MIND

SIR,—There has been an almost unanimous welcome for the general approach of the Royal Commission on Mental Health with its emphasis on completely voluntary admission free of all formalities for all willing to receive treatment and care; this has, however, led in some quarters to a rather limited examination of the detailed proposals of the Royal Commission on the operation of the reserve detention powers.

Kenneth Robinson rightly states that there will be much discussion of the recommendations relating to psychopaths, and the report admits that the term "psychopathic personality" is being given a much wider meaning that it has in general use.

"Psychopathic personality" is intended in the report to include "any type of aggressive or inadequate personality" which does not render the patient severely sub-normal. It includes "all patients at present classified as feeble-minded or moral defectives who need care" but who are not severely subnormal and also some other psychopaths "not covered by the present legal definition of mentally defective persons" (an intelligence quotient below 50/60 is suggested as indicative of severe subnormality).

Psychopaths, as described above, may be detained up to the age of 25 years on medical evidence without legal process. All, however, whose detention has not resulted from a court appearance, must be discharged at that age. Even an appearance before a juvenile court on a minor charge, nevertheless, will be sufficient to remove this safeguard.

If we examine recent cases of allegedly high-grade borderline mental defectives whose detention has caused concern, we find that such detentions will now be limited to the period up to the age of 25 years, if there has been no court appearance. The right of the nearest relative to direct release will be of little value to the orphan and abandoned child who so often has been the subject of mental deficiency procedures. True, there will be access to the Review Tribunal, but it will be somewhat difficult to demonstrate to that Tribunal that one's personality is adequate.

It is something to be grateful for, perhaps, that it is not proposed that these detentions (at any rate for the person who has not appeared before a court) should be continued to the age of 40 or 50 years, as often happens today. Against this, we have the fact that there is a considerable widening of the category subject to these powers and of the circumstances in which action may be taken.

It is a matter for regret that the Royal Commission, which showed itself in many respects very courageous, should not have made a bolder approach to this particular aspect of the problem it was considering.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN,
General Secretary
The National Council for Civil Liberties,
46 Westbourne Grove,
W.2.

TIBET

SIR,—It is none of my business if Eric Shipton uses the occasion of reviewing my book *Tibet* for a cliche-ridden attack on "Communism." But I think he should not at the same time mislead your customers about the facts.

Certainly I did not eulogise the "benefits listed by Ford." Eric Shipton lists these as "spectacular material benefits" development of industry and agriculture, "social reform" and re-education (whatever it means). These things have not occurred in Tibet even now, let alone when Ford and I were writing our books. There has been no change in the system of land and herd ownership, corvée (*ula*) or the relations between nobility, church and people.

I thought that all students of Tibet now knew that the sensationalised "revolt in Kham" actually took place in Szechuan in February, 1956, and not in the Kham region of Tibet. It was a rebellion of some Szechuanese-Tibetans, who opposed the abolition of *ula*, remnants of slavery and the scaling down of usurious debt. Other Szechuanese-Tibetan nobles and the monasteries helped in putting the rebellion down. These are not people who ever owed allegiance to the Dalai Lamas though once they did to King Songtsan Gambo. But the fact that this area was for a time incorporated in the Sikang Province which also incorporated most of Kham has led to the error of believing that it is in the Kham area of Tibet.

Eric Shipton may be excused for not knowing but Ford should know as well as I, or better, that Tibet is not a place to choose to illustrate "freedom of thought." According to my observation they now have no less than before and probably more. At any rate, there are some cases of nobles and commoners actually sitting together to study the three Rs.

"Truth" in such matters is not only a matter of viewpoint. It also embraces the facts which are viewed.

17 Yung Hsiang Li, ALAN WINNINGTON
Peking.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

SIR,—With the consent of his executors, I am writing a life of the late John Middleton Murry. If any of your readers possess letters or other documents which might be helpful, I should be very glad to hear from them. Personal recollections would also be appreciated. Material lent will be treated with every care, returned speedily, and regarded where so wished as confidential.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Saint Baudelaire

THERE is no more blessed figure in contemporary mythology than the *poète maudit*. He has become a pet. All the respectable people love him. He is no sooner discovered in his garret than he is rushed off to the television studio. On the strong, centripetal swirl of publicity, he is carried at once to the Inside. His love affairs are news. Hunger and the pox, his traditional enemies, have been disarmed; he is now threatened by the ardour of his admirers and free whisky. M. Homais is choking him in an affectionate, bear-like hug. His great problem, henceforth, is how to remain significantly individualistic.

This, perhaps debatable, conclusion is prompted by certain recent events in the literary world and by the reading of two new books on the prototype of the *poète maudit*, the revised edition of Enid Starkie's *Baudelaire** and a selection of the poet's letters, *Baudelaire, a Self-Portrait*†, translated with a running commentary by L. B. and F. E. Hyslop. It is exactly a century since *Les Fleurs du Mal* was officially condemned by bourgeois orthodoxy. Today, in France, Baudelaire is as respectable as Pascal; he is, indeed, considered as a sort of Pascal in verse. In England, the occasion is marked by the appearance of this immensely detailed and enthusiastic study by an Oxford don and, in America, by a reverent compilation. It is not simply that a misunderstood genius has at last been granted recognition. It is rather that the concept of misunderstood genius has become so familiar that—to borrow a phrase Miss Starkie is not afraid to use as a chapter-heading—the wheel has come full circle. The prompt understanding of misunderstood genius is now part of the general curriculum. Perhaps the whole idea of misunderstood genius needs to be reviewed.

Baudelaire, of course, was not the first *poète maudit*, although the most representative. The term was not invented until the generation succeeding his, but he had embodied a Romantic idea already expressed in Vigny's *Chatterton*, and which had a long ancestry in France, England and Germany. How far back it goes is difficult to say (Mr. Frank Kermode gives an interesting, if brief, historical sketch of the artist in isolation in the first chapter of *The Romantic Image*‡). In France, there are early examples such as Villon and Théophile, but they do not claim any metaphysical importance. Aberrant individuals, as poets, jesters, adventurers and picaresque heroes, have been common ever since the change-over from an organic society, functioning according to religion, birth and personal prestige, to an inorganic society, dislocated by money and erratic through industrialisation. (I am assuming, for the moment, that such a change-over took place. I sometimes wonder whether the wholly organic society is not as mythical as the Garden of Eden.) In modern French literature, a change of atmosphere is noticeable as we pass from the pseudo-, but effective, medievalism of *le grand siècle* to Rousseau, the first great Displaced Person, the crucified individual consciousness, the Man-God who invents his own religion, whose awareness of solitude becomes persecution mania, and whose constant dream is to re-create the organic society. Hugo, the seer, is—one might say—a positive and inflated echo of Rousseau. Baudelaire is a negative and deflated echo. These vast generalisations are perhaps worthless, and in any case are slippery things to handle, because of the infinite variety of personal circumstance, but I should be willing to argue, for instance, that Dylan Thomas, although he may never have read Hugo or Baudelaire, can be understood sociologically as a Hugo/Baudelaire, wobbling between the positions of *poète maudit* and *écho sonore*.

The *poète maudit* is a literary saint, who rejects, and is rejected by, the contemporary world and who accepts poverty and suffering in order to express Something which will obtain him salvation in the heaven called Posterity. This Something, which Mr. Kermode, following Yeats, calls the Image, I confess I cannot altogether understand. It is an indefinable, mystic entity, a complex of symbols reflecting each other, a Holy Grail, Mallarmé's *Livre*, or, more vaguely, the effort the poet makes when he is working, so that what he expresses in his verse is the difficulty of writing verse when the world is unpalatable and there is nothing obvious to write about. I do not mean to be ironical. The poet's sufferings are usually all too authentic and he may have genuine religious feelings as well. That Baudelaire was a truly spiritual man and not simply a grimacing Satanist has been accepted for a long time. I do not quite follow Miss Starkie on this point. She claims that, in the original edition of her book in 1933, she was a pioneer in emphasising his spirituality. But surely Mr. Eliot's two admirable, though frankly tendentious, essays, "Baudelaire in our Time" and "Charles Baudelaire," had already appeared by then and the battle was won, at least in those literary and academic circles for which Miss Starkie was writing. It is very strange that Miss Starkie does not refer to Eliot or quote his articles in her bibliography. However, the point I should like to make is that, unlike Mr. Eliot, I cannot see Baudelaire as being fundamentally a "Christian born out of his due time and a classicist born out of his due time." He was, in important respects, a Christian and a Classicist, but his deepest belief was in the religion of Literature or Art. It was in that cause that he sacrificed himself, not in the cause of God. Therefore, he is mainly in the Romantic stream and Racine, one imagines, would have had little patience with him.

Since Rousseau, at least, writers have been inventing their own religions or religious substitutes, and the commonest is the belief in literature as an end in itself, with the poet as its high priest. Baudelaire assumed, with rock-like certainty, that he had to be a poet. It never occurred to him to earn his living in a non-literary way or to write anything that was not in the direct line of his inspiration. Mallarmé and Valéry were to take bread-and-butter jobs; Claudel, a dutiful Catholic, accepted a place in society. Baudelaire, like Léon Bloy, confused literature with saintliness to the point of being prepared to starve to death if he could not live on his writing. As his inspiration was not only unpopular but very fitful, he condemned himself to a life of humiliating dependence on his mother and his guardians. *Baudelaire, a Self-Portrait*, is a heart-rending book, in which only the negative side of the poet's life is visible. It reads like the story of one of those saints who suffered extravagantly from boils or rheumatic aches; the occasional, literary, beatific vision of the great poems is absent. Here is a man who, for twenty-five years, was tortured by debt, syphilis, lack of affection and, above all, by the inability to work. That sense of guilt which, in the ordinary writer, begins to nag if he has not put pen to paper for a day or two, assumed in Baudelaire, in spite of the composition of his occasional masterpieces, the proportions of a life-long sin against the Holy Ghost. Why did he continue to accept such suffering? Sartre, in his ingenious study, which Miss Starkie quotes in her bibliography but does not discuss, argues that Baudelaire chose to be humiliated because that was an easier course than assuming his freedom. I feel rather that if his suffering was not pathologically determined, he chose it because he instinctively felt that only suffering would feed his genius, however fitfully—which is perhaps only another way of saying that it was, in fact, pathologically determined.

On the subject of Baudelaire's misfortunes, Miss Starkie makes a remark which is either naive or deeply humorous. She writes:

> In England Baudelaire, at this stage of his life, would have gone up to either Oxford or Cambridge, as an undergraduate, where, under proctorial and tutorial supervision, he would have done himself no permanent harm. He would probably have made a name for himself in undergraduate circles, in artistic and literary clubs, and this might have satisfied his need for eccentric self-expression. In this simple and adolescent manner, he would have grown out of his "green sickness," and, under tutorial supervision, might even have learnt to work at set hours, in order to pass his examinations.

And then what? He might even have gone into the Foreign Office, as his stepfather wanted him to do. But in that case, he would probably not have composed, still less published, such lines as:

> Une nuit que j'étais prés d'une affreuse Juive.
> Comme au long d'un cadavre un cadavre étendu . . .

and Miss Starkie and some four hundred other people would not have written books about him.

I should not have regretted much the absence of that particular poem, nor indeed some other lines in *Les Fleurs du Mal* which Miss Starkie, who is mainly a biographer, accepts perhaps too uncritically. What I am trying to say is that it may be a poet's function to find himself dying of syphilis so that he can write:

> Ah! Seigneur! donnez-moi la force et le courage
> De contempler mon cœur et mon corps sans dégoût.

* *Baudelaire*. By ENID STARKIE. *Faber*. 50*s*.

† *Baudelaire, a Self-Portrait*. Letters, translated by L. B. and F. E. HYSLOP. *Oxford*. 25*s*.

‡ *The Romantic Image*. By FRANK KERMODE. *Routledge*. 18*s*.

It may also be his function to remain idle, so that he can give perfect expression to the metaphysical anguish which is glimpsed only through the chinks of an ordinary, busy life.

There is, no doubt, a more genuine and a less genuine Baudelaire. When he strikes attitudes, he can be as irritating as Musset, whom he despised. When he writes from the centre of his misery, he creates lines over which generations of crass bourgeois have, in their moments of awareness, shed a tear. What it comes to is that, in the last resort, the *poète maudit* has no one to write for except the public he spurns—since Posterity will be at best a mixed bunch—and nothing to write about except the common human plight. Baudelaire, we might argue, cramped himself from the beginning, in spite of his interesting æsthetic, because there was no link between his general attitude towards society and his literary ideal; but, to fill the void, he "attracted suffering," in Mr. Eliot's phrase, and wrote most of his characteristic verse about that.

Having said this, I feel compelled to suggest the opposite, too. Baudelaire was, of course, justified in being Baudelaire because he turned out to be Baudelaire. I have no wish to roll back the last hundred years in order to send him up to a non-venereal Oxford or Cambridge. But as time goes on, I regret more keenly the way his intelligence was crippled and I find less satisfactory the pathetic bravado of much of his verse. Some of his greatest poems make one wonder if he could not have been, in slightly different circumstances, a greater poet still. And his example may have been unfortunate in putting at loggerheads with society a lot of young men who would have been better advised to try understanding society. He has encouraged that kind of revolt which too often remains sterile and then collapses into conformity. Society is no longer solidly materialistic like Louis-Philippe or firm and duty-loving like General Aupick. When it tends to hysteria and paradox, the function of the literary saint is perhaps to be significantly different by being more adult and self-controlled than the community.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

Profile

The affection she in him
excited was precise, based on some
trompe de l'oeil in youth,
but nonetheless was there and was
reciprocated.

The broadcast furies of the time
bellowed above their bed; they sent
their children willingly to school,
who, coming home indoctrinated,
were loved, not hated.

Inarticulate, they did not protest
at the way things went,
were scorned because of this
by some and by the rest
awarded mediocrity.

God save them so: they did not think
to start a movement, did not wish
to read what Cato said:
incurious, affectionate and warm,
they are now dead.

TOM BUCHAN

The Two Sir Rogers

The Tichborne Claimant. By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF. *Hollis & Carter.* 30s.

If the Tichborne Claimant weighed 27 stone in his prime, the documents dealing with his long career must be nearly as bulky and it is not surprising that we have had to wait so long for a definitive history. The need for compression has led to many misunderstandings, which it is Mr. Woodruff's aim to correct. As a biographer of the Claimant he has unusual qualifications: he has an intimate knowledge of the curiously isolated group of Catholic aristocrats from whom Roger Tichborne came, he revels in the social climate of Victorian England and he can pin-point the significant factors in this story which the present generation forget—such as the unsettled and lawless condition of Australia at this date. Yet with all his skill in handling material there has been difficulty in packing the long story into a single volume. One regrets that the extraordinary background of the French Lady Tichborne which explains so much in her behaviour and in that of her tragically maladjusted son, has in consequence hardly received adequate treatment; nor perhaps has the Orton part of the story.

In compensation, the familiar narrative of the disappearance of the young heir in the *Bella* 1854 and all that followed is told with thoroughness and vigour. Mr. Woodruff is concerned to show that the version representing Castro's claim as a crude imposture ultimately stripped to the bone, is untenable. On any showing the two long trials left many mysteries unsolved. Why should this man, whether Orton or another, have dared to venture on the impersonation of a man he had never seen and knew almost nothing about? "You try it", says Mr. Woodruff in effect and scores his strongest point. Castro was in fact recognised as the missing Roger by his mother, the family doctor, the family solicitor, and at least one intelligent relative, as well as by a host of others. From

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early in the case he had displayed much information about Tichborne affairs, the source of which was never disclosed. But on the other hand Castro was a huge man while Tichborne had been thin and graceful, he had drooping ear lobes, and Tichborne had none; he was completely uneducated, did not know a word of French though Roger had never left Paris until he was 16, he thought a volume of Caesar shown to him in court was in Greek though Roger had been three years at Stonyhurst.

A chance word dropped in Australia linked up Castro with a man called Arthur Orton, and it was then found that he had visited this family in Wapping and had shown a most suspicious interest in their welfare and knowledge of their affairs. By one of a series of extraordinary coincidences Tichborne and Castro had been in South America about the same time. Had Castro been known there as Tichborne or as Orton? Costly commissions—and the Claimant himself—had to be dispatched to Chile to settle this vital point but the chief witness had become insane and nothing was definitely decided.

Not until 1870 did the matter get into the law courts as a civil suit. Mr. Woodruff makes a great point of the disadvantage the Claimant was at in being a poor man. His cause had appealed greatly to the British working-people as an injustice done to the dispossessed, and large sums had been raised, and squandered. He had, in fact, five competent counsel to oppose Hawkins and Coleridge for the Crown. As it is now shown, I think for the first time, the result was a "damned near thing" and opposing counsel were very worried. But the Claimant was his own executioner, no money-bags could have helped him. He tried to cover ignorance of the contents of a sealed packet Tichborne had given a friend by a foul attack on his former sweetheart, now Lady Radcliffe; he could recall nothing of the first sixteen years of his life; he refused to answer essential questions about his Australian wanderings on the ground that they would "criminate him." The jury stopped the case, Ballantyne allowed his client to be non-suited and, to the surprise of the Bar, he was immediately arrested on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury.

At the famous trial at Bar before Justices Cockburn, Mellor and Lush, the Claimant was at a real disadvantage for he had been obliged to accept as leading counsel an able but very eccentric Q.C., D. Edward Kenealy. It is commonly thought he was subsequently disbarred because he was rude to the judges, but, as Mr. Woodruff well shows, that was the least of his offences. He grossly insulted the opposition's witnesses, flung wild charges round the Court, and obviously had not mastered his brief. The files of the *Englishman*, the paranoic paper he edited for years after the trial in pursuance of the Claimant's interests and to show up the Jesuits, would suggest to any modern doctor that he was very mad indeed.

These two trials, over which Borill and Cockburn presided, are presented with miraculously adroit condensation (the second one lasted from April 23, 1873, to Feb. 28, 1874), and the famous legal giants engaged are depicted in a brilliant series of character studies which would alone make this book memorable. Very illuminating is the picture drawn of legal procedure a hundred years ago. The generous view taken of contempt of court would make a modern judge's wig stand on end. No wonder justice in Britain was notoriously costly. Counsel engaged unchecked in long-winded histrionics, in brutal attacks on witnesses, in puerile jokes, while the juries fretted and the unhappy client paid—and paid.

Some of the most lively writing and newest material comes towards the end of the book, in the descriptions of what happened to the Claimant and his family in the long years after his 14 years' sentence was complete. He had left 9 stone in prison and was sufficiently rejuvenated to engage in public performances and to "marry" a young wife—but he outlived public interest in his cause and died in great penury.

Mr. Woodruff's final verdict on the case comes with a jolt, though one had felt that he was putting the Claimant's case at its highest all through. "The Claimant failed to make good his claim," he says, "and he deserved to fail. A man should not expect to be able to come back from the dead surrounded with lies and prevarication and concealments. . . ." But he would have liked to see him acquitted at the second trial: "No estates but no penal servitude," an attitude which is neither legally not practically justified. It is even more remarkable to find that the author thinks he was probably saved from the *Bella* and taken to Australia, for ships find it much harder to change their identity than human beings, and there was no real evidence to support this supposition. And why should Roger go underground? When last heard of he was eager to escape from his mother, his religion, his relatives, but not from his banking account. Many readers will find it much easier to find possible explanation for the admitted gaps in the case against the Claimant. One hundred per cent. certainty that he was not Tichborne, ninety per cent. that he was Arthur Orton, would be my estimate. One remembers the old Scottish lady who used to say she looked forward to the Day of Judgment because then everything would be revealed about the Gowrie Conspiracy; she should try and remember to inquire about both the Sir Rogers.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Mellifluous Educator

Collected Short Stories. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

The attraction of the early Huxley was—as I recall—that of a young fashionable preacher: he was brilliant, worldly, flashing with culture. He was profane and yet soothing, destructive but—inevitable in the Huxleys—a mellifluous educator. The pleasure of his novels came not very much from his people (who were indeed thin transcripts from educated society between London and the Mediterranean) but from the non-stop talk by which he drove them into exhaustion and nagged them into nothingness. Talk was the cult of the Twenties and he was its exploiter. With him it was not table talk; he talked the clothes and souls off his people, he talked them out of life into limbo and, since he was astute enough to know what he was doing, *Limbo* was the title of his first book of short stories. They are the hors d'oeuvre of a prolonged cannibal feast.

It is thirty-four years since the publication of *Limbo* and now we have the *Collected Stories* of his lifetime. They belong mainly to a period now remote: the last age of rich old hedonists, businessmen (vulgar), intellectuals (incompetent in love), savage hostesses, grumpy artists. The old educated class is seen breaking with Victorian commitment as it loses its sons or its property, and ascending into that captious island of Laputa which floated in sunny detachment above Western Europe between the wars. As a writer Mr. Huxley has always been proficient in every genre he undertook, but it would not be just to judge him by these shorter pieces. He needed space for the great scoldings, for if you hate life it is best to hate it in a big way. He needed more room for the horrors, the savageries; more room for the kinder and learned comedies. In the very short stories—I exclude his *nouvelles*—his intellect turns out people like skinned rabbits. They are either not worth his trouble or one resents that his brain has reduced their worth. In general his stories are not about people and situations; they are talk about people in relation to ideas that appear to have been set up in order to snub them. It's when the people seem equal to the ideas that the good stories emerge; in the bizarre and tragic *Sir Hercules*, in the sinister *Gioconda Smile*, in a sharp light thing like *Half Holiday*, the geniality of *Little Mexican*, one of the rare life-loving tales, in *The Rest Cure*, a triumph over the talker, and in the pitying tale of *Young Archimedes*. Here the driving voice abates and the preacher's chastisements are softened. A very good book.

In the other satires one is sooner or later aware of Mr. Huxley's weariness of his own brain. We cannot separate ideas and people; and there is a disagreeable disparity between the cleverness of the commentary and the banality of his realism. No one drops so surprisingly into cliché when describing the ordinary run of feeling. His lovers speak out of the pages of magazines. Mr. Huxley is self-conscious enough to be uncomfortable about the clichés. After all, are not all the valued human feelings clichés and are they the worse for that? The answer surely is that, to the artist, they are not clichés. It looks as though Mr. Huxley was frantic for novelty when he was tired. In the end it has been the accumulation of novel ideas, once so golden, that have now become heavy as lead in these comedies of displeasure.

One excellent story—*Chawdron*—stands out as a remarkable example of a writer's ability to use all his powers. It is at once a story of emotional nausea and a story of talking about it. The influence of Lawrence can be felt here. Lawrence was a master of magnetism in the short story. He forced his characters and their situations to a standstill, while he whipped them by repetitive phrases into greater intensity. Without passion or the poetic imagination, the method becomes merely frenzied and that is Mr. Huxley's case; but the genial, broken-down writer who has talked his talents away redeems him. "Hogwash" is his word for the emotions of the tycoon he is describing. Hogwash, hogwash, hogwash, he repeats throughout, in all varieties of scorn known to a clever man. The effect is funny, cruel, devastating, indignant and dismissive. And the fact that the talker himself, who knows all the beauties and delinquencies of talk, is the prisoner of an old housekeeper who comes in and out contemptuously, without saying a word, adds the final macabre commentary. I have mentioned this Jamesian masterpiece also because it is an example of a story which could hardly now be written. The subject is good enough; the financial chimpanzee who at fifty falls in love with a pious baby-bitch who calls him Nunky and is herself called Fairy by him—that is irresistible. By embedding this in a lot of clever theorising, by working in the usual art notes on St. Catherine of Siena, Carlo Dolci, Rowlandson, Podsnap, Othello and Jesus, the characters are properly snubbed and we are skilfully given an intellectual comedy—but not the *comédie humaine*. This is the kind of tale which is now dealt with directly. We write the dialogue, describe the moves; and being up against the characters themselves and not a sexual theory, we find the situation richer and more alarming. We would see Chawdron corrupting the educated writer. We would see Fairy hating him. We would laugh more or be more terrified. We would have lost educated explanation and its clever footpaths along the precipices of life; we would have lost talk and gained the explicit. But there it is: for better or worse, Mr. Huxley has always been the artist-educator, the preaching connoisseur who finds his stern text in our spiritual bric à brac, the illusions and novelties of belief.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Faces, Public and Private

New Statesman Profiles. Drawings by VICKY. *Phœnix House.* 21*s.*

Just as I opened this book I happened to overhear a hydrogen-headed fellow talking about the Profile. He seemed to think it was a brand-new twentieth-century invention. There may not be much excuse for such ignorance, however piquant; nevertheless, as Kingsley Martin points out in his preface, although the form has a long history most "pre-1914 profiles seem a little superficial." Certainly those character sketches dashed off at second or third hand by Victorian journalists over a mutton chop and a half-pint of sherry tell you devilish little today. And the

essayists are for the most part too damned gentlemanly, even Hazlitt—though some of Hazlitt's "Characters" have quite a tang. Here is one two-fisted opening:

> Mr. Wordsworth's genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is he has some difficulty to contend with the hebetude of his intellect and the meanness of his subject.

You might like to compare it with the start of one of the NEW STATESMAN'S literary profiles:

> In the two decades in which Stephen Spender has been a passenger in the cultural Blue Train, he has become an experienced fellow traveller. He has always chosen the right moment to move to another compartment and new companions.

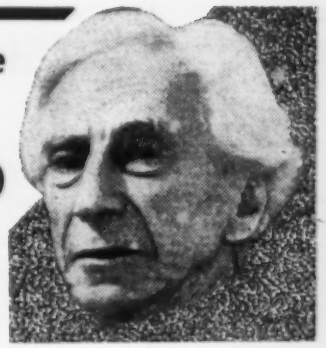
There is no doubt, of course, that in our own time the famous *New Yorker* profiles, so detailed and so candid, have given a stimulus to the form. They are still envied as well as imitated by British journalists. The American profilist has great advantages, space in which to spread himself and high pay so that he can take his time, also freedom from inhibitions due to fear of libel. A *New Yorker* profile may run to fifteen or twenty thousand words. This allows for an elaborate biographical background to supplement present-day impressions, plus school reports, basal metabolism, psychoanalyst's notes, business expense accounts. It can be almost as revealing as Sherlock Holmes' private *Who's Who*. ("Reach me down the volume marked D if you please Watson. . . . H'm, I observe that the Foreign Secretary is an inveterate boot-fetichist. That accounts for his pro-Italian sympathies.") A *New Yorker* profilist will either manage to go and live with his subject or else he will collect by sedulous inquiry and cross-checking enough information to give you the impression that he has been living with him. Length, however, is not essential. The perfect English profile is the first Lord Shaftesbury's portrait of Mr. Hastings, the Priapic Hampshire seventeenth-century squire. It is only two or three pages but it tells you everything.

The real test of contemporary profiles comes when they are republished in book form. This NEW STATESMAN collection passes it with great credit. There are forty-six of them, inevitably of uneven standard. The average length is about two thousand five hundred words, long by English standards but not long enough to allow biographical treatment in depth. A contrapuntal interweaving of present and past is the solution. It has been used most skilfully here, in several cases with dazzling virtuosity. Most of the subjects, as regular readers will hardly need to be reminded, are so well known that they do not need preliminary occupational introductions. They represent Science and the Law as well as Politics and Literature. They range from Lord Goddard and Bertrand Russell to Danny Kaye and Gilbert Harding. There is only one example of pure commerce, Mr. Onassis, and America has been rather neglected; but there is an extensive Oriental department and on the whole, while most of the characters are near and dear to you, you get a significant sample of our period.

The profilist should stand well above his subject and write as if he were God using data supplied by the recording angel. The original idea behind this series, all of which were written in this decade, was that each profile should unmask the subject's public persona and put a probing finger on the essential inner mechanism. It was an idea that could not be carried out in all cases but it has certainly resulted in an exceptional degree of liveliness. But if not all the subjects are likely to hand over these likenesses to their public-relations officers for incorporation in official handouts, most of the writing here illustrates the axiom that although, in a good profile, there can be no holds barred, malice is no substitute for first-hand information. The ideal attitude of a profilist towards his subject is that of a natural historian towards a rare and treasured specimen of his favourite species, an almost

the unquenchable vitality of

BERTRAND RUSSELL



"Squeeze *their* hands till *they* yelp" replied Russell when somebody suggested that on shaking hands a celebrity should let his hand go limp. All his life he has squeezed hypocritical and dogmatic ideas until their holders yelped and the world saw how stupid and disastrous they were. Between his great philosophical works, like *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, *Human Knowledge*, and the bestseller *History of Western Philosophy*, have come the many volumes, *Marriage and Morals*, *Unpopular Essays*, *The Conquest of Happiness*, which cut through the verbal maze of evasion and with sharp wit hold that despite the ugliness of ignorance the resilient cheerfulness of the human spirit will prevail. At 85 his agile mind can still master Television technique and dominate a half-hour interview or the Sunday Brains Trust. His biography by Alan Wood is attracting reviews all over the country.

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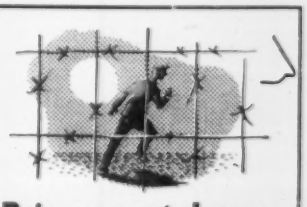

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NEVILLE SPEARMAN

112 Whitfield Street : W.1.

mystical blend of passionate objectivity and detached sympathy.

There are many instances of this but I will only mention three divergent examples: the Dean of Canterbury, Sir William Haley and Captain Waterhouse. The last named, especially, is treated with the perfect zoological tenderness. Vicky's brilliant caricatures gain by being excellently reproduced in full-page demy octavo. The degree of depth revealed in some cases, Koestler, Krishna Menon, Auden, is remarkable. My only complaint is that he has put Earl Attlee in a suit that looks as if it had come off a member of Whites. Between him and the text, forty-six faces of the Zeitgeist have been cunningly and effectively trapped.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

The Company She Keeps. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s*.

Tales of the Little Quarter. By JAN NERUDA, Translated by EDITH PARGETER. *Heinemann.* 15*s*.

Maigret Goes to School. By SIMENON. Translated by DAPHNE WOODWARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Little Man from Archangel. By SIMENON. Translated by NIGEL RYAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Miss Mary McCarthy is probably the most notable wit-novelist of our generation, and yet if she were less of a wit she might be more, in the ordinary sense, of a novelist. The use of wit, if Freud is right, is to give a paradoxically condensed expression to painful bottled-up feelings and uncomfortable perceptions. When we say something witty, we at once bring something disagreeable into the open and stand back from it with a sense of relief. But the truly great novelists do not really want to stand back from the pain and discomfort of human life but to wind themselves sympathetically, and perhaps healingly, into it. The best wit-novels, on the other hand, *Candide* or *Nightmare Abbey* or *Antic Hay* or *Decline and Fall*, consider life, from some standpoint of rigorous and ideal consistency, as if it were a kind of charade. The ordinary novelist wants above all to avoid implausibility and thinness; but the implausibility of human behaviour, the thinness of human substance, is just the wit-novelist's point.

The Company She Keeps was Miss McCarthy's first published work of fiction. We are to know her heroine, Margaret Sargent, by the company she keeps. In six episodes, presented at different distances—she is now "you," now "she," now "I"—Margaret retrospectively searches for "a missing object, the ordinary, indispensable self that has now got mislaid." We watch her efficiently and ruthlessly ditching her nice first husband. We watch her, an apparently quite different girl, working for a Bemelmans-like character, a sweetly crooked antique dealer who is slowly betrayed into the paths of probity. We see her being seduced by, or seducing, a genial mid-Western philistine father-figure in a train. We see her in Trotskyite politics and at literary week-ends. We see her on the psycho-analyst's couch, tracing her troubles back to the cleavage between her mother's Irish Catholic and her father's New England Protestant ethos. Yet we do not really become involved with her; she exists, for the book's purposes, less as a person with problems than as a judging angel. Thus, the political episode is essentially a polemic against compromise, the literary episode against wire-pulling, the psycho-analytic episode against forgiving oneself too easily. Underneath the sparkling and sometimes *New Yorker*-ishly slick surface wit, there is the hickory hardness of a self-tormenting Puritan conscience. Margaret Sargent (and perhaps Miss McCarthy herself) judges that she may be judged.

Jan Neruda was called the Czech Dickens, which puts one sadly in mind of Spanish Burgundy and the Cornish Riviera. If there is an affinity with Dickens it is with the muted, ruminative Dickens, the lover of odd corners and queer types, of *The Uncommercial Traveller*. Neruda's world is Czech Prague under the Dual Monarchy, a half-submerged, half-renascent culture: socially, a shabby-genteel world, of shopkeepers and clerks and gossipy landladies and match-making mammas. The atmosphere is not a bustling one like that of Dickens at his liveliest, but one of peculiar dragging leisureliness, in which, over dumplings and horse-radish sauce, over beer in the corner café, people say the same thing as they said yesterday. Perhaps life slowly seeps away; perhaps, like a good rough wine kept standing in a cask, it acquires mellowness. The best story in the book is the last (and in its writing, the latest) one, *Figurines*. A young law student with a good opinion of himself takes a room in the "Little Quarter" to swot for his finals. He politely but obstinately resists his landlady's attempts to seduce him. He half persuades himself that he is in love with an insipid girl who has some property. He tries to be patronisingly polite to his neighbours, all failures and eccentrics, and finds that it is he who to them is a figure of fun. He fights a duel, against all his principles, and goes away. The whole episode has meant nothing in his life and yet it has taught him, though he is still at the end of the story only obtusely aware of this, what life is like. Neruda is a humorist, not a wit. He never judges; and, unlike Miss McCarthy, he does wind us deeper into life.

Simenon never judges either. In the new Maigret, Maigret goes to a very small town, where the local postmistress has been shot, partly to clear an innocent man but partly because he wants to taste the local white wine and oysters. It is neap-tide, and there are no oysters. Between *chopines* of wine and disconnected conversations the truth takes shape for Maigret and when we arrive at the solution we realise—in this Simenon differs from all other writers of detective stories—that in a vague way we knew it at the back of our heads all along. *The Little Man from Archangel* is not a detective story. A shy little bookseller, an exiled Russian, has married a girl who is no better than she should be. She goes off every now and again, ostensibly to visit friends, really to pick up men. In a café one morning, asked where his wife is, and not knowing, the little bookseller foolishly says that she has gone to Bourges. When she does not come back, his neighbours and the police are suspicious. He is just the sort of quiet little man who might cut up corpses and dump them in the river in a sack. He learns that his wife was afraid of him, thinking that his shyness, his undemandingness must conceal perverseness and cruelty. Then somebody comes along who knows whom his wife went off with and where she is now living. The little bookseller has only to ring up the police to clear himself and have his neighbours apologise. Instead, he hangs himself. With no moralising, this is a profound fable about human isolation.

G. S. FRASER

There is now a fourth and completely revised edition of *Henry Moore: Sculpture and Drawings*, 1921-1948, (Lund Humphries, 84s.) edited by David Sylvester and introduced by Herbert Read. Volume III has appeared of Evelyn Simpson's and George Potter's edition of the *Sermons of John Donne* (Cambridge, for California U.P., 56s. 6d.); Volume II of the *History of Technology* edited by Charles Singer and others (Oxford, 8 gns.) and Volume III of Albertini's *Origins of the War of* 1914, translated by Isabella M. Massey (Oxford, 70s.). Three American compilations have been issued by Peter Owen: *The Encyclopædia of Morals* edited by Vergilius Ferm (70s.), the *Dictionary of Anthropology* compiled by Charles Winick (50s.) and Edward McNall Burns's *Western Civilizations: their History and Culture* (63s.).

Semper Eadem

Testament of Experience. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

There are times when an author is injured by being persistently connected with an early best-seller. This is not one of them. Vera Brittain makes it plain in every line of this new autobiographical volume, from the title onwards, that she is still the author of *Testament of Youth*, in a sense in which one could never, for instance, say that Antonia White was still the author of *Frost in May*. *Testament of Experience* makes an effect of prolonged anti-climax. It is an amiable, miscellaneous sort of book, much, much too long and stuffed with dull quotations. It tells the story of her busy, distracted but on the whole satisfying life since her marriage, a life which has no particular form because it is merely a coda to her youth. It is mixed up with chatty extracts from world affairs.

> Between the Fascist meeting in Kensington and the Nazi murders in Germany, H. G. Wells, then International President of the P.E.N., gravely addressed this gathering of writers.
>
> "The world," he warned them, "is in a state of unexampled crisis. . . ."

Etc., etc. There *are* flowers of shrewd observation here and there, but it is terrible work looking for them among the weeds. On only two points does she seem to me really interesting. The first is her pacifism, of which I shall speak presently. The second is the publication of *Testament of Youth*. She records that its success astonished her. She gives Frank Swinnerton's definition of a best-seller as "a book written by a sincere author whose talent is greater than the common talent but whose tastes are similar to the popular tastes." This puzzles her; she remarks that her own tastes, since they were highbrow, were not those of the mob, and concludes that it was only her experience which had been widely shared.

Here, as repeatedly throughout this book, she shows the providential blindness which was essential to her success. It seems hardly credible that she should not see that the tastes in question are emotional tastes. The typical best-seller (of the original kind, not the camp-followers) releases a flood of tears or a howl of laughter which huge numbers of people have been suppressing because they are not sure of its propriety. Thus *Werther* made it possible for people to admit their suicidal impulses; thus *Evelina* turned social embarrassment from a shameful secret into a joke. This progressive release of feelings numbed by reserve is an essential part of the civilising process. Without it we are constantly hampered and confused by false shame, and the best-selling writer, looked at in this way, quite properly takes his place in line with Euripides and Freud in the long battle of truth against custom, self-knowledge against affectation. His place, however, is a limited one. For unless he balances his new revelation with a good load of sentiments which are already well-worn and widely shared, he may not, and his public certainly will not, be able to stand it. It follows that a rich streak of vulgarity is to be expected even in best-sellers, written by authors of the highest standing; it will not, if they are vigorous enough, interfere too much either with their therapeutic or their artistic value. *La Nouvelle Hélöise* and *Clarissa* are vulgar classics, so is *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Now the novels written about the first war certainly fulfilled collectively a function of this kind. The facts of disillusion, the change in people's outlook, had to be fully stated before the world could begin to build again. Vera Brittain's reaction to reading Aldington, Sassoon, Graves & Co. is interesting.

> After reading these books, I began to ask: "Why should these young men have the war to themselves? Didn't women have their war as well? They weren't, as these men make them, only suffering wives and mothers, or callous parasites, or mercenary prostitutes. . . .

She is right, of course; her book redressed the balance, but its revelation, and its vulgarity, were of a different kind from theirs. The typical period vulgarity of the men's books, the thing which most divides them from us now, is a very natural self-pity, producing a cheap and silly distribution of blame. These things are also found in *Testament of Youth*, together with a rather strident feminism, but it has on the whole a sane and practical atmosphere which makes them relatively tolerable. What is intolerable about it, and I have read the book again carefully to make sure of this, is the detailed narration of one's own love affair in a book which is not a novel, but an autobiography. It is quite staggering to read in the present book how obtuse Vera Brittain is on this point. She records with annoyance the difficulty she had in getting copyright for letters and poems used in *Testament of Youth*, but never seems to see that anyone might have had a right to withhold it. She notes casually how the book damaged her marriage, without appearing to suspect that anyone could have told her it was bound to. The essence of the matter is, of course, that she has the best-seller-writer's "sincerity", which is exhibitionism, to an extreme degree. This enabled her to write her typical story with some candour, and so to do her generation a real service, since the conventions governing women's expressions of feeling before the war were so powerful and elaborate that pretty tough instruments were needed to clear them away. It did not, however, equip her for self-criticism, and that is where her methods let her down today. To bring out an autobiography of this kind in which one admits hardly any mistakes, let alone faults, in the same month as Caitlin Thomas's memoirs, is to put oneself in danger of looking like a self-deceiver. But it is Caitlin Thomas who is typical of the times, and Vera Brittain cannot complain since it is she who, for better or worse, made Caitlin Thomas possible. The trouble with these people is, however, the same; it is this little

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FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

matter of sincerity. They *are* sincere, but only in an exhibitionistic sense. That is, all their revelations apply only within a scheme of values where the first essential is an audience. This extreme exhibitionism, as opposed to the milder sort which afflicts all artists and writers, seems to me totally destructive both of literature and life, and it has certainly stopped Vera Brittain from adding anything of value to her previous book, because she simply will not stop talking to notice the obvious objections to her views. She has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, with one single exception. It is enormously to the credit of a person so dependent on popularity to have become converted to, and sponsored, the unpopular cause of pacifism. The account of this conversion, and of the tours undertaken in connection with it after the war, seem to me interesting and touching.

MARY SCRUTTON

Africana

West Africa and the Commonwealth. By DENNIS AUSTIN. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Christianity and Politics in Africa. By J. V. TAYLOR. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Katakala. By MICHAEL KITTERMASTER. *Constable.* 20*s.*

H. M. Stanley: Unpublished Letters. By ALBERT MAURICE. *Chambers.* 21*s.*

When Sir Charles Arden-Clarke ordered Kwame Nkrumah's release from prison in February, 1951, to head Ghana's first responsible government, he was acting consistently with one kind of British tradition—the tradition that produced the Durham and Donoughmore Reports: just as Sir Anthony Eden's decision to attack Port Said was consistent with the other tradition that produced the bombardment of Alexandria and the crushing of Arabi Pasha. Mr. Dennis Austin, a historian, who served during the war in India and Ceylon and has spent the last eight years on the staff of the University College of Ghana, is concerned with the first, liberal, strand in British overseas policy. What is new and valuable about his book is not so much the material as the angle. Sir Keith Hancock has examined, through a powerful microscope, the development of the peculiar pattern of Commonwealth relations.. Mr. Austin is interested in the question how the new independent States emerging in what used to be British West Africa fit into the pattern. He succeeds very well, within the fairly tight limits of an African Penguin, in showing how the conception of a graded transition from paternal to responsible government came to be worked out—with Canada as the principal model in the nineteenth century and Ceylon in the twentieth; and how the new West African nationalisms, benefiting from the experience of their predecessors, have been able to telescope the process. "A constitutional progress which extended over 150 years in Canada, and for nearly half that time in Ceylon, has been concentrated in little over a quarter of a century." About the future Mr. Austin is soberly optimistic, arguing that the cohesive forces within the Commonwealth, "habits of association" reinforced by common interests, are stronger on the whole than the forces of disintegration. I wonder. This argument seems to me both to underestimate the potential appeal of inter-African solidarity, and to overestimate the intelligence of the British governing class. But as a concise study of the changes in constitutional doctrine and practice that have made Ghana possible, the book could hardly be bettered.

I am less certain that *Christianity and Politics in Africa* succeeds in doing what this new series of African Penguins sets out to do—"increase . . . our understanding of the rapid changes at present taking place throughout this increasingly important continent." To my mind the three most interesting expressions of Christianity in contemporary Africa are the Catholic Church, the monophysite Church of Ethiopia, and the separatist African sects. Mr. Taylor's book takes relatively little account of any of these. Of the sects, all he has to say is that some of them "seek to combine a distorted Christianity with an aggressive and destructive nationalism." Maybe—but what is more important, surely, is that they seek to reinterpret certain fundamental Christian ideas in terms that will make sense for Africans. Mr. Taylor's real theme, I think, is—How ought honest Anglican liberals to think and act in the contemporary African situation? This is a sensible question to ask, and on this subject he has a number of sensible, if sometimes platitudinous, things to say. He agrees that "Christians of all races should actively engage, as opportunities present themselves, in the effort to bring to an end as early as possible the subordinate and dependent political status of African people." But at the same time "Christians of all men are bound to discern the demonic as well as the ideal features of nationalism." I can sympathise with this kind of caution, this continual balancing of one sentence against another, yet I wonder whether in the end it will not be the Hippo that

> . . . shall be washed as white as snow,
> By all the martyr'd virgins kist,
> While the True Church remains below,
> Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.

Mr. Kittermaster is an admirable comic writer, with the skill to catch and express the African comic spirit. I don't expect to enjoy books by former District Officers about the old station and all the odd types they knew. But this one made me laugh aloud many times. It is written with gusto. It bubbles on: about Kenneth Malama, the clerk in the Katakala District Office, whose "family set-up was so complex that he himself did not understand it properly, and suspected that many of the people, particularly females, who cluttered up his house were not really relatives at all, but hangers-on"; about the progressive chief, Takalela, who travelled round his villages, "preceded by a band which, like so much else in the Native Authority, was a mixture of the old and the new, the old being represented by traditional drums, conches and pipes, the new by penny whistles, a euphonium and the remains of an alto saxophone." Here is a verse of the song which the King's African Rifles sang, as they marched past the tailor's house where Nyenyezi, the corporal's sweetheart, lived:

> Nyenyezi, Nyenyezi,
> Of the black eyes and beautiful buttocks.
> The Corporal grows sick with desire of you.
> Do you not see how pale he grows
> Because he does not possess you?
> His longing for you is dreadful.
> He cannot even march in step,
> He no longer scores goals.
> He is like the jackal in winter time,
> The buffalo when the drinking places are dry.
> He thirsts for you,
> He languishes,
> While you sit there sewing dresses
> And the old man works his machine.
> Only fifteen days are left
> Before the steamer takes him to Malaya.

Mr. Kittermaster enjoys the poetry of African life, as well as its comedy. Occasionally, but not often, his exuberance runs away with him and his portraits turn into caricatures. And there are nihilistic undertones: everyone, European and African alike, is absurd; everyone earnestly pursues some more or less fantastic private purpose. But it is the insight and the wit that matter, rather than the nihilism.

Henry Morton Stanley occupies the second place (after King Leopold II) in the Belgian colonial pantheon. His collar-studs and other blessed relics are on show in the Tervuren Museum near Brussels. I have no objection to fetishism in principle, but I am not attracted by the Stanley-fetish. These letters about pots and packages, written during 1881-2 when Europe had begun to move into the Congo, may have something to offer the colonial historian—but not the common reader.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Shorter Reviews

Modern Italy. By MARGARET CARLYLE. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is easily the best of the many recent surveys of present-day Italy. In its hundred-and-fifty pages, it avoids almost as many pitfalls. Although supplied with help from official Italian sources, its author was clearly no pushover for fluent public-relations men; although familiar with the country, she was proof against insidious picturesquerie; and although formerly of the Foreign Office, she seems remarkably free from the atmosphere of furled umbrellas and diplomatic hats. Like most Northern visitors to Italy, she is moved by affection and by concern: but her affection is tempered by a shrewd appraisal of the country's less amiable aspects, and a moderate, justified optimism helps to mellow her concern.

The Risorgimento, the Church, the climate, the South, and the birth-rate—these, for a start, are some of the basic factors that determine Italy today. In her Introduction, Miss Carlyle touches skilfully on them all; and in succeeding chapters she examines in turn Population and Poverty, Constitution and Government, Political Parties, the Church, Education, Agriculture, and Agrarian Reform. Throughout the book, Poverty and Reform recur like twin figures in a slow, sad, allegory amid the shout and bustle of politics and religion. Appropriately enough, the book is at its best when dealing with education and agriculture: on both these subjects it provides the best first-hand material to appear in book form in English. On government and politics, Miss Carlyle is almost equally well-informed, but a little less up-to-date. Nevertheless, within its limits, and short of Italy's latest political crises, hers is a canny and lively introduction to the most fascinating, most saddening, most stimulating and most misunderstood country in the whole of Western Europe. R. M.

Modern Japanese Literature. Compiled by DONALD KEENE. *Thames & Hudson.* 35*s.*

Mr. Keene's anthology, from 1868 to the present day, is as long as his earlier one, which covered a thousand years of Japanese literature to the end of

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the Shogunate. It contains no extracts from writers as utterly charming as Lady Murasaki or Sei Shonagon, but charm is perhaps not the note of modern literature in any language, and it is the modernity, in the Western sense, of this book that will most strike English readers. There is nothing of the vagueness, the magniloquence, the rather cloudy "wisdom" that we associate with an Indian writer like Tagore. The dominating forms are the novel and the short story, and the affinities with Western writers are with Maupassant, for impressionistic crispness without moral comment, with Baudelaire, for vivid and self-questioning morbidness, and with Chekhov for the use of inconclusiveness as a story technique. The prevailing mood about life tends to be pessimistic, sceptical, or bored.

Two omissions that one regrets are an extract from Yukichi Fukuzawa's garrulous but amiable memoirs, a splendidly naive account of the impact of Western knowledge on a naturally Wellsian mind, and the whole of Junji Kinoshita's *Twilight of a Crane*, a play which has rescued the Japanese theatre from a state of classical fossilisation. G. S. F.

Home is the Sailor. By JOHN WHELAN. *Angus & Robertson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Many temporary seamen have written about their war-time experiences on the lower deck. Because their experiences were short and intense, their books have tended to be hectic. But Mr. Whelan joined as a boy and served through peace and war for fourteen years; and his book, the first, I think, to be written by an active service rating, is calmer and more detached. This calmness is occasionally disturbed, not by the sinking of his ship at Dunkirk or a severe bombing attack, but by Merchant Navy skippers in the Spanish Civil War who, contemptuously running the blockade, bleated like lambs for the shepherding Navy the moment they were challenged inside territorial waters; by visiting Riviera glamour girls who roused instincts which ship-tied seamen would prefer to leave dormant; and by the slow-ticking, sweaty seconds which dragged into sweaty, boredom-sodden years on the shore base at Freetown.

But generally this book is a straightforward account of an intelligent man's life in the service. The life can be hilarious as when the Captain ordered the ship to be searched for stray cats and flushed, in addition to two tabbies and a huge tom, nine able seamen and a second-class stoker who were avoiding Sunday Divisions. It can be incredibly childish, as when grown men try to pass the time by forming themselves into gangs and squirting each other with water pistols; and it can, almost above all, be deadeningly frustrating when men with ability and ambition find that in the middle Twenties they have got about as far as they can go.

J. P. W. M.

Children of the Sun. By MORRIS WEST. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Italy is a country that lives on her visitors: even so, the Italians themselves (those of Rome or any point north of it) often seem surprised at the lengths these tourists go to, the places they think worth seeing and their reactions on return. Going south to Sicily might almost be a journey to a savage because unknown kingdom, undertaken across wild frontiers. And this, in fact, is how it turns out, whether the route lies landward down Calabria or by sea from Naples. Either way, even to the most casual view, poverty grows alive from an abstraction into a thousand horrifying human aspects: less immediately apparent if steadily cumulative through the countryside, more outwardly striking and terrible in the city —round that particular area of the docks where the voyager must arrive or depart. It is a merit of Mr. West's book, dealing with the vicious circle of Neapolitan slum-life in its effect on the development of the children, that it presents this dramatic side, from the point of view of the onlooker, in an appropriate dramatic form yet without over-emphasis or over-simplification.

The story told is Franciscan in the simplicity of its outline: not of an actual mendicant, but of a priest from the *bassi* who went back there to live as a beggar so that he could be accepted as one of them and begin his work from the roots where corruption grew. Like other Franciscan episodes, its implications appear less clear-cut once the fundamental question has been asked which absolutely demands an answer. What *happens* to the children when they have been won from the gutter? Mr. West recognises that here this individual problem must be set in its context of the whole enormous "question of the South," to become the problem of all Italy—north as well as south—before there seems any hope of approaching a solution.

P. D.

Land Reform and Development in the Middle East. By DOREEN WARRINER. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

Miss Warriner is a phenomenon unique in history: a British observer who is not swept off her feet by romantic sheikhs and does not disregard the squalor and poverty and disease which surprisingly seem equally romantic to some. In this small book, which is a sequel to her *Land and Poverty in the Middle East*, which has become a classic, she analyses the dynamics of change in Egypt, Syria and Iraq. Her carefully documented analysis, backed by first-hand observation, shows the inevitability of the present social and political crisis in the Near East. Nasser's reforms have made a social impact far beyond what has been recognised in Britain. Yet the Egyptians are bound to be driven further in their quest for new water for irrigation just as the present system of extreme exploitation of share-croppers in Iraq and Syria is bound to change under the impact of improved agricultural technique and industrialisation. The question is merely whether, through the wilful default of the West, the East will carry out that social and economic change in the midst of hunger, crisis and blood-letting.

Miss Warriner's book should be compulsory reading for all politicians and diplomats in the West before they give vent to platitudes about the need for more military pacts and concentrate entirely on the dangers of external subversion. A. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,425

Set by Hilbrian

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able—

wrote Stevenson on *The Whole Duty of Children*. Competitors are invited to give, in four lines, the whole duty of any one of the following: parents, pets, prudes, pugilists, or poltergeists. Entries by July 2.

Result of No. 1,422

Set by Red Setter

Mary Cowden Clarke wrote *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, but his heroes' earlier days are a closed book. The usual prizes for an extract from the youthful life or diary of any male Shakespearean character.

Report

Oft expectation fails! I anticipated an amusing evening reading of Mr. Justice Shallow's naughty escapades ("Jesu! the days that we have seen!") with Jane Nightwork; but, alas! competitors missed their opportunity and, as usual, everybody, it seemed, wanted to play the Prince of Denmark. Very diverting were the varied glimpses of his boyhood, while in his train came a motley crowd of Shakespearean characters in the morn and liquid dew of youth. Here are some palpable hits from the entries:

Mama's still cataloguing her wild flowers and herbs. (John Mitchell's Hamlet.)

Human relations fascinate me. (Selidem's Iago.)

Two spelin lessons so far from Aunt Mab. She's a grate one at spelin. (V. Langton's Puck.)

Really Father's becoming impossibly exhibitionist—stalking about all day in full armour, haranguing me continually about "When I'm gone, my boy" and the responsibilities of royalty. (A. M. Sayers's Hamlet.)

A very riband in the cap of youth was Allan M. Laing's Falstaff after John Aubrey. Put money in his purse, to wit, two guineas. And one guinea each to H. J. R., Granville Garley, D. R. Peddy and Stanley J. Sharpless. Also commended, P. W. R. Foot and John Digby.

JOHN AUBREY ON FALSTAFF AS A BOY

Sir John Falstaffe, he that in his heyday tooke purses, was never sure where he was borne (but I thinke near Winsor). He had little schooling, having no mind for the schoolmaster's rod, and little gouvernance from his father, the olde knight. A gredy lad and wilde, consortinge with stable lads and lewde serving men, scorning instruccion and homilies from pastors and masters. Natheless, a readie talker with a cozening manner. One that knew him as a boy call'd him "drollinge rogue" and foretold him a bad end . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

FROM YOUNG MALVOLIO'S DIARY

June 5: "Mal" is French for "bad". Mal-volio, a bad start to a good name! M for Malvolio. Count Malvolio. His Grace the Duke of Malvolio. His Most Excellent Excellency and Plenipotentiary Extraordinary—MALVOLIO!

June 6: Walked in the sun a little and practised my deportment.

June 7: Informed my mother of my father's visiting alehouses privily.

June 8: My calves are developing most excellent well, firm and of a good shape.

June 9: School play. My performance as a nobleman of some note was much remarked upon. Rough classmates did whistle and mouth after me in jealousy. Shall wash off their gross acquaintance.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

FROM YOUNG OTHELLO'S DIARY

Aleppo Gaol, June 6.

This business with the Turk was folly.

Ignorant of their tongue I had only Eugenio's word that the man was, in truth, traducing the State: and that the person he beat was a Venetian.

My gaolers swear t'was a husband chastising his wife's lover—both Turks.

If so, I was twice at fault. I took sides in a heathen brawl and I took the wrong side.

Also they say Eugenio has thanks and gifts for denouncing me as an enemy of the Peace and the Sublime Porte.

I am too credulous! which I will amend if I come hence with life.

H. J. R.

THE BOY HAMLET—*for the Under-Fives*

One day, Ham-let was sit-ting on his moth-er's knee while she read him a stor-y a-bout a hand-some prince and a love-ly princ-ess. "When you grow up," she said, "I ex-pect you will fall in love and marr-y a princ-ess. What fun that will be!" Ham-let threw his arms round his moth-er and burst in-to tears. "Nev-er," he sobbed. "When I'm big e-nough I'm going to marr-y you, mum-sie." His moth-er was ver-y cross. "Nice litt-le boys don't say such things," she said, and sent him to bed, where he cried for hours.

Was-n't young Ham a fun-ny litt-le fel-low?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

FROM THE YOUTHFUL DIARY OF THE FIRST MURDERER, "RICHARD III"

Monday: Pinched by Sheriff for robbery with. Comes the acid about "Harry-boys"—bloody sauce!

Tuesday: Up in front of the old geezer on the Bench. More "Harry-boys" stuff.

Wednesday: End of case. Sentenced to be "well whipt".

Thursday: Cor! my aching back!

Friday: They've had me. Psychological handling of my case might have saved me for society, but seeing as how I've been brutalised and degraded and filled with the desire for revenge, I wonder how you become a Murderer—professional like, I mean . . .

Saturday: Signed up with Forrest & Dighton. Forrest says I look a promising type . . .

D. R. PEDDY

City Lights

Scruggery

STATEMENT BY LEONARD COE SCRUGGS, it is headed in large black capitals—a promising start to a circular which deserves a place in every collection. Mr. Scruggs is a young American, partner in a New York broking firm which interests itself in the investment possibilities of British firms operating in the American sphere of influence. He has been several times in the City headlines—most prominently last year when he acquired a sizeable shareholding in a small and apparently rather hopeless Trinidad company called Premier Consolidated Oilfields. He escaped the backwash of anti-Americanism left behind by the Texas Company largely because of the uproar created by news of a rather odd option arrangement made between Premier and a company closely associated with one of its directors. The City protested, the option scheme was dropped, and Mr. Scruggs became a director. Since then Premier has come to life—production has risen sharply and an important new discovery has been made. The shares have jumped, particularly since hints began to get around of trouble on the Board.

And now comes the statement. Mr. Scruggs has three suggestions to make, and he gives his reasons for each very clearly. The first—designed to prevent his fellow-directors from beating him with the anti-American stick—is to amend the articles to ensure that Premier remains under British control. The second contains the real meat. Mr. Scruggs alleges that repeated dealings have taken place between the company and its directors of which shareholders were not properly informed; I refrain with difficulty from quoting (though Premier Directors vs. Kingsley Martin would be a notable case), because Mr. Scruggs is a good deal franker than is usual in circulars of this kind. He goes on, at any rate, to propose that directors should be bound to explain to shareholders their dealings with the company and should be forbidden to deal in mining rights and so forth in areas where the company is operating. Finally, "and not without some regret," he proposes the "elimination" of his fellow-directors and their replacement by two others: one a Glasgow broker, formerly on the board of Trinidad Petroleum Development, the other the managing director of the Trinidad stock exchange. Both these gentlemen represent large shareholdings, which together with Mr. Scruggs' interest are believed to amount to 40 per cent. of Premier's capital.

Grandma's latest piece of tinkering looks rather pathetic beside the glorious mess she has made of the gilt-edged market. Foreigners, when they can, buy British stocks with security sterling, which is a good deal cheaper than the usual variety. They are not allowed (for obvious reasons) to use this cheap sterling for buying stocks which are redeemable within the near future—they cannot use it, for example, to buy 3½ per cent. War Loan, because the government is theoretically free to redeem this issue whenever it pleases. War Loan, however, was tailored to suit people living abroad: it offers them interest free of U.K. income-tax. If they were allowed to buy it with security sterling they might provide a crumb of comfort for a market starved of it. So Grandma has put it on the list.

* * *

The syndicate formed to protect Central Mining from Mr. Glazer looks like branching out. Rand Mines, a sister company of Central Mining, is making a new issue of shares on terms which will not only raise £2.3m but give the syndicate a direct interest of 17 per cent. This development is scarcely surprising, and by itself goes only a short way towards explaining the loan which the syndicate is planning to raise in New York. One idea floating about in the market at the moment is that the syndicate's next target may be another mining finance house, Johannesburg Consolidated, whose shares have been rising inexplicably for some weeks.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 397. It's the Gist that Matters

With ever bulkier and ever more erudite tomes on opening theory cramming our shelves and with some masters reputed to be walking encyclopædiæ of variations, an ordinary chessplayer may well despair of keeping up to date with so much wisdom. Let him take heart and remember that all he really wants is some acquaintance with the basic ideas of his favourite openings. He will find an ounce of common sense more useful than a hundredweight of book knowledge; yet, an expert guide through the maze of that ever-growing store of variations may be useful. Leonard Barden has provided it, and indeed what makes his *Guide to Chess Openings* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.) so useful is its wise limitation to the dozen openings that really matter, and to their gist rather than a surfeit of variations. I like the instructive selection of some Ruys and Q-Gambits played 100 and 50 years ago, and analysed in the light of modern ideas on opening theory. Here's Steinitz-Tchigorin, 1892.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q3, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, P-KKt3; (6) QKt-Q2, B-Kt2; (7) Kt-B1, O-O; (8) B-R4, Kt-Q2; (9) Kt-K3, Kt-B4; (10) B-B2, Kt-K3; (11) P-KR4, Kt-K2? (P-KB4!); (12) P-R5, P-Q4; (13) RPxP, BPxP?; (14) PxP, KtxP; (15) KtxKt, QxKt; (16) B-Kt3, Q-B3; (17) Q-K2, B-Q2; (18) B-K3, K-R1; (19) O-O-O, QR-K1; (20) Q-B1, P-QR4; (21) P-Q4!, PxP; (22) KtxP, BxKt; (23) RxB!, KtxR.

and here I might as well save my **A** diagram for the 4-pointer. How then did White force the issue in a few moves? Actually, it's a mate in 6.

Most of the book's illustrative games are very recent vintage and conspicuous for some interesting point or other gained or missed in opening strategy. Here is one of Barden's own games, won because his opponent unwisely got rid of his KB and soon paid the penalty for the weakness of his black squares.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-K3; (3) P-K3, P-QKt3; (4) B-Q3, B-Kt2; (5) P-B4, B-Kt5 ch; (6) QKt-Q2, P-Q3; (7) O-O, QKt-Q2; (8) P-K4, BxKt; (9) KtxB, P-K4; (10) P-Q5, Kt-B4; (11) B-B2, P-QR4; (12) P-B4!, PxP; (13) RxP, Q-Q1; (14) P-QKt3, Kt(4)-Q2; (15) B-Kt2, Kt-K4; (16) Kt-B3!, R-Kt; (17) Kt-Q4, B-B1; (18) Kt-B6, KtxKt; (19) PxKt, Q-K2; (20) Q-B3, K-R1; (21) RxKt!, resigns.

Now here's a game won by C. H. O'D. Alexander because of his opponent's (6) . . . P-B4. This weak move (as Barden points out) spoils the counter-chance of . . . P-B3, as well as robbing the Black QKt of a most useful square.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) P-K5, P-QB4; (4) P-QB3, Kt-QB3; (5) Kt-B3, Q-Kt3; (6) P-QR3, P-B4?; (7) P-QKt4, PxQP; (8) PxP, B-Q2; (9) Kt-B3, Kt-Q1?; (10) B-Q3, B-K2; (11) B-Q2, Kt-R3; (12) Kt-QR4!, BxKt; (13) QxB ch, K-B1; (14) R-QB1, QKt-B2; (15) P-R4!, Q-Q1; (16) K-K2, Kt-Kt5; (17) Kt-Kt5!, KtxKt; (18) PxKt, Q-Kt3; (19) P-Kt5, Q-Q1; (20) P-B3 and soon won.

B looks like a game position, but it is concocted, and beautifully too. White mates in at most 6 moves, a bargain for 6 ladder-points, whereas **C** (for 7 points) may not be quite so easy. It excels by some remarkable thrusts and counter-thrusts and it is also a win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by July 1.

B: Olaf Barda 1956

C: Leonid Kubbel 1935

REPORT on No. 394. Set June 1

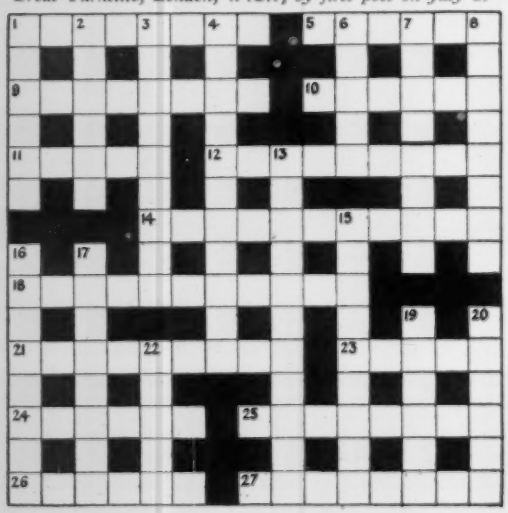
A: (1) Q-Kt8, ch, etc.
B: (1) K-R4, B-K4; (2) R-R2!, B x R; (3) Kt-Kt3, etc.
C: (1) P-R5 ch, K-Kt2; (2) Kt-B6, Q-R1; (3) K-Kt7!, etc.

An easy lot and masses of correct solutions. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, C. H. Brown, J. H. Frankland, J. G. Lloyd, W. D. Parkin-Moore. While I am abroad for a month or two, entries, to be forwarded in time, must reach the office by Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 256

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 256, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 2.



ACROSS

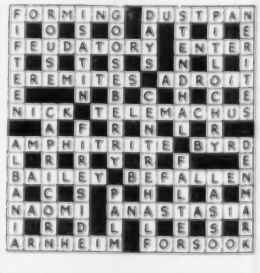
1. It should give a capital light (8).
5. Strikes a minute thing between seconds (6).
9. Suppress a newspaper without an article with a point of view (8).
10. Allow an article for a magazine (6).
11. Supporter of the Board of Education? (5).
12. The fool is backing the politician to give the game away (9).
14. Health official (11).
18. Emphasising part of the garment which does not show? (11).
21. The heavyweight has a note about not making a comeback (9).
23. Below town (5).
24. Go through the air like a six and a goddess (6).
25. Taking the meeting, I communicate after tea (8).
26. Home with gold for a Greek king (6).
27. It is a matter of chance if you have a drink with a party man (8).

DOWN

1. Has provided accommodation and food (6).
2. Game without the French on the other side (6).
3. Writer to join on afterwards (9).
4. Interference from an underground stop? (11).
6. Lesson which, if curtailed, becomes a game (5).
7. Not much to drink for the youngsters (4, 4).
8. Tools for bridges? (8).
13. Mother is on trial about the structure of petticoat government (11).
15. Money in a country (9).
16. Verses as a vehicle (8).
17. A complaint when all is said and done haphazardly (8).
19. Play without a real following (6).
20. Rough and coarse, but bashful about a B.B.C. man (6).
22. Excel, though dismissed on occasion (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 254



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 254

S. Godfrey (London, N.14.), Yael Wilk (Haifa), J. Walker (Edinburgh).

Company Meetings

MARKS & SPENCER LTD.

TURNOVER EXCEEDS £125,000,000
BRAND NAME "ST. MICHAEL" A HOUSEHOLD WORD
99% BRITISH GOODS

The thirty-first Annual General Meeting of Marks & Spencer, Ltd., was held on the 13th June at 82, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), who presided, said:

Net Profit for the year amounted to £5,606,000 compared with £4,955,000 last year, an increase of £651,000.

Taxation required £7,200,000, an increase of £2,025,000 on last year.

SCRIP ISSUE

On the Capital increased by the Scrip Issue the Board recommends a final dividend of 20%, bringing the total dividend for the year to the equivalent of 30%, or 1s 6d per share against 1s 3d per share last year.

RESERVES

With the proposed transfer to General Reserve the Revenue Reserves will amount to £7,762,000. The Capital Reserve still stands at £19,323,000.

GENERAL SURVEY

Our Turnover has exceeded £125,000,000, against £118,000,000 last year. We are reaping the benefits of the substantial investment we have made in the expansion and modernisation of our stores, and from our policy of up-grading and widening the range of specialised goods we sell. The Profits we show are due not only to the increase in trading but also to lower operating costs.

Another factor which led to increased Profits was the lower charge for Repairs and Maintenance. The sums required for this purpose may vary each year in accordance with the needs of particular stores. This year we have spent on Repairs and Maintenance £744,000, which is £537,000 less than a year ago.

STORE DEVELOPMENT

We have now completed the rebuilding of the bombed stores. This operation, extending over 6 years, has provided us with 15 splendid stores.

Plans for rebuilding a number of stores and further expansions will add valuable selling space in cities and towns where we are now successfully trading. This programme will cover a period of about 2 years, and will involve an estimated sum of between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000.

In our existing stores in the last 5 years we have increased our selling space from 2 million to 3 million square feet.

Our customers appreciate the new look of our stores and particularly welcome their more spacious and attractive setting, which shows our goods to advantage and provides pleasant and convenient shopping conditions.

MERCHANDISING POLICY

Our brand name "St. Michael" has become a household word for value. It is the symbol of well-styled, well-finished, attractive garments, with wearing properties in which the customer can have every confidence.

Our policy of up-grading our goods has been consistent throughout many years. This is a dynamic policy on which are engaged scientists, technologists, stylists, etc., who form part of our Merchandise Research and Development Division. The cost of operating our Technical Services amounts to well over £500,000.

Quality control is a most important part of their functions. It is based on specifications and standards of quality which we have worked out, and which are agreed upon between our manufacturers and ourselves.

Our Food Division is making good progress. Here again our Food Technologists have an important role to play.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS

It is my pleasure once again to pay tribute to our suppliers. As you are aware, 99% of the goods we sell are made in Great Britain. Our policy of concentrating on British Made goods could only have succeeded thanks to the close co-operation of our manufacturers.

TRIBUTE TO STAFF

It is with pleasure that I ask you to join me in expressing my appreciation, and that of the Board, of the work of the staff both at Head Office and in the Stores. We enjoy one of the greatest assets that any business can hope to possess, a loyal and devoted staff who carry out their duties efficiently and happily.

The report and accounts were adopted.

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

A GRATIFYING RECOVERY

The Fifty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on June 17 in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., chairman, in the course of his speech said: The results for the full year 1956 reveal the gratifying recovery which occurred in the second half of the year. The difficulties in the first half-year were clearly indicated by the Directors in the statement which they issued on October 4, 1956, and the reasons for the considerable reduction in profit were stated at that time.

The principal reason was the steep rise immediately followed by a steep fall in the price of rubber, the latter occurring between September, 1955, and June, 1956. During this period the price fell from 43d per lb to 24d per lb. Also throughout this time industry in general was being exhorted to hold selling prices despite increasing costs. In the past we have experienced the serious effect of the fluctuations in the price of rubber on our working capital position, but the combination of this with the other major difficulties all at the same time was unusual and unfortunate.

I would like to emphasise that our general buying policy, not only for rubber but for other raw materials, is based on the minimum quantities required to operate our factories. In other words, there has been no element of speculation in our rubber buying; but because of the drastic and unexpected cut-back in the requirements of the British motor industry in the early part of last year, our normal inventory and forward cover position inevitably became extended.

These excessive fluctuations in the price of natural rubber affect producers, the rubber manufacturers and the consuming public alike.

For the reasons which I have already mentioned, our trading results in the United Kingdom were not satisfactory and the resultant profit was extremely low. In fact, had it not been for our widespread overseas activities resulting from the policy of your Board in building up this geographical diversification over the last 30 years, the picture I would have presented to you today would have been very different and far less satisfactory.

EXPANSION OVERSEAS

Our overseas trading has continued to expand and a great contribution to the Group results has been made both from our United Kingdom exports and from our manufacturing units overseas. Yet competition has not been any less severe in the overseas markets. In fact it is becoming intensified as our competitors both in this country and abroad seek more and more export business and set up more and more local manufacturing subsidiaries.

Despite this increasing competition the value of turnover was again higher although the effect of competition and higher costs resulted in slightly reduced margins. Economies were, however, effected and the return to the Parent Company compared not unfavourably with the return in recent years. The contribution to the total Group profit from our overseas operations was the highest yet recorded for the Group.

You will expect me to make reference to the change announced by the Chancellor as regards the introduction of overseas trade corporations. The legislation which was recently published requires most careful study before all its implications can be assessed, but as it stands at present it does not appear that any great advantage will accrue to our Group. In the past we have established overseas control for most of our overseas companies, and accordingly the profits of these companies already are not subject to United Kingdom taxation unless and until dividends are declared. Certain minor changes in our overseas management arrangements may be desirable to enable us to benefit from the new legislation.

The Company has continued to carry out a vigorous research policy during the last twelve months on new processes, products and raw materials.

You will have appreciated that the year under review was a very difficult one for the Group—perhaps the most difficult one in the home market it has had for very many years. I am pleased to say, however, that the improvement already reported in the last half year of 1956, particularly in our overseas affairs, has been well maintained.

The report and accounts were adopted.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

CONSIDERABLY INCREASED TURNOVER

The thirtieth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on June 13 in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., chairman, in the course of his speech said:—

The value of the Group's sales to external customers increased from £411 million in 1955 to £435 million in 1956, but despite this increase in turnover, the Group Manufacturing and Trading Profits after charging depreciation, but before provision in respect of the Employees' Profit-Sharing Scheme and before taxation, fell from £56½ million to £53½ million. The Company was faced during the year with a continuation of the rise in costs caused principally by increases in salaries and wages, in transport charges, and in the price of fuel. Increased efficiency partially offset these higher costs; nevertheless profit margins were reduced substantially.

The prices of some products were raised in the first half of 1956, but these increases did not outweigh the effects of the increased production costs to which I have just referred.

BURDEN OF INCREASED COSTS

The burden of increased costs is especially serious in the export business. Conditions in markets overseas are now highly competitive, and competitors in some countries have not, in recent years, had to face such great pressure from rising costs as have manufacturers here. This is one of the factors that, despite the record levels achieved by our 1956 sales, made the manufacturing and trading profits of the Group, before taxation, about £3 million less than in 1955. Consolidated income of the Group after taxation was also about £3 million less than in 1955. The charge for taxation in 1956 represents a larger proportion of income than in 1955, due mainly to three causes—increases in the rates of Profits Tax, the withdrawal during 1956 of investment allowances on most new capital expenditure and their replacement by initial allowances, and a reduction in the credit for over-provisions in past years.

Undistributed income of Subsidiaries amounted to £6 million in 1956, compared with £4½ million in 1955. Over £5 million of the large sum retained by Subsidiaries related to profits to be used by overseas companies for the further development and expansion of their businesses, from which material benefits should flow in the future. The Company's net income for the year 1956 was £19½ million as compared with nearly £24 million in 1955. Although the net income of the Company has decreased to this extent, the Board, having regard to the great strength of the Company and its prospects, have no hesitation in recommending that the final dividend for 1956 should be 6%, making the total dividend for the year 10%, the same as was paid for both 1954 and 1955. Your Board's intention is to maintain their policy of a fair balance between the distribution of profits as dividends to Stockholders who can reasonably expect to participate in the Company's growing prosperity, to which their capital makes an essential contribution, and the retention of profits for the Company's business.

CURRENT YEAR'S TRADING

I should like to say a little about the current year's trading. So far, turnover has been on a higher level than in 1956. In the middle of last year there was some noticeable hesitation in those parts of our business serving industries making durable consumer goods, such as motor cars and household appliances. The marked recovery made this year by the motor car industry in particular is helping us to overcome the set-back experienced last year in those sections of our organisation.

If no unforeseen international disturbances arise, 1957 should be a year of high activity in almost every branch of the Company, and I think we can look forward to a year of satisfactory progress. We also regard the longer term prospects with confidence. There are great possibilities for the profitable development of the chemical business throughout the world; and we have available in this country many of the raw materials required, convenient of access, and of high quality.

Further, we are engaged in an industry in which the native genius of our people can work to full advantage. It is our policy to plan for the future in the expectation that we shall not only maintain, but indeed improve, our place in the chemical industry of the world.

The report and accounts were adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Department of Applied Economics. Applications are invited for a post as research worker in connection with a social survey involving family budget inquiries. Duties will include the supervision of field staff and assistance with the analysis of the results of the survey. A University qualification in economics or social science, or practical experience of planning surveys, will be an advantage. Initial stipend in the range £500-£1,000 with family allowances. Applications should be addressed to the Director, Department of Applied Economics, 7 West Road, Cambridge, to reach him not later than July 6, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in The Philosophy and Psychology of Religion. The salary scale is at present under review, and is expected to be on the range of £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 8, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Principal: R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. This College for long-term residential courses for adults in management, secretaryship and social studies requires two Tutors in Social Studies. Each to teach a selection from the general range of economics and trade unionism: and to be responsible immediately or in due course for some subject within the history and organisation of the Co-operative Movement. Each tutor appointed will be expected to undertake research in a Co-operative field, for which facilities will be provided and for which any necessary adjustment of teaching duties will be made. Duties may also include preparation and marking of correspondence courses, and short residential schools. Salary based on Burnham Technical Scale (for graduates) Grade "A" or "B," i.e., a basic of £550×£25 to £975 or £725×£25 to £1,100; scale and commencing salary in accordance with experience and qualifications. Accomm. may be available if required. Appl. forms obtainable from the College must be returned not later than July 5, 1957.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require a Publications Assistant in London, W.1. Duties include sub-editing and layout of a wide range of publications dealing with Education and Training, Safety, Health, Welfare and Joint Consultation. The work entails frequent dealings with printers and block-makers, and skill in re-writing, typography and make-up is very desirable. Salary £851-£929 p.a. Applics., stating age, qualifications, exper., present position and sal. to D. Moffatt, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, London, W.1, by June 28. Quote Ref. NSN/262.

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux: (a) Staff required for Central London. Training given, 3 months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £470×£15 to £560. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. (b) Part-time staff also required. (c) Holiday Relief Staff; July to September (inclusive). Secretarial qualifications and experience in C.A.B. or Case-work. Apply in writing, C.A.B. Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Assoc., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council Health Department. Applications are invited for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £543 5s. rising to £625 5s. per annum. The post is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to The County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CROYDON Boys' Club, Princess Rd. Centre. Further applications invited for post of experienced, determined Leader. Salary £600×£25—£750. Entry to scale on age and experience. Superannuable. Prior applicants reconsidered on request. Apply at once: J. Corby, 57 Park Lane, Croydon.

BOYS' Club Leader, part-time, required three or four evenings a week for full-time mixed youth club in Chelsea. Apply with details of experience to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

GIRLS' Club Leader required Sept. Excellent conditions, twin club, residential preferred (not essential). Salary £482 p.a. (less residence). Apply in writing giving experience and/or training to the Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. (Tel. EUSton 1816.)

SECRETARY required by Social Service Organisation. Money raising, book-keeping, correspondence, etc. Initiative and responsibility. 5-day week. Salary according to age and experience. Details from Family Service Unit, 36 Colville Terrace, Kensington, W.11. (BAYswater 6357.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officer (male) required. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Grades A.P.T. I-II, commencing salary not less than £609 17s. 6d. for suitably qualified candidates. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by June 29, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

CHILD Welfare Officers and Assistants. London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for engagement, as vacancies occur, as Child Welfare Officers and Assistant Child Welfare Officers. The duties of the former include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work, associated with deprived children, while Assistants will be given practical training to fit them for such work. Candidates for the former grade should preferably be academically qualified (e.g., degree or diploma in Social Science) and should have had previous experience in child care or allied social work. Previous experience is not essential for Assistants but candidates should be academically qualified. (Students taking final examinations midsummer may apply and, if successful, will be appointed provisionally.) A panel of selected applicants for both grades will be maintained and vacancies offered when available. Salaries: Child Welfare Officers, £599 5s. to £775 10s.; Assistants £528 15s. (slightly less if under 24) to £669 15s. Further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1107), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Please state grade applied for; closing date June 30. (Previous applications may be renewed by postcard.) (1107.)

CORDWAINERS Technical College, Mare Street, Hackney, E.8. Applications are invited for half-time Librarian for a small technical library. The appointment to date from September 1, 1957. Further details may be obtained from the Principal, to whom applications should be sent by June 28, 1957. Salary scale half of A.P.T.I.

MARKS & Spencer, Ltd., have a vacancy in the Design Studio of their Head Office for a Textile Designer. Applicants must be experienced and versatile in style, able to work with all types of printed dress fabrics both in creative design and in repeats. A strong colour sense is essential. Please write, giving details of age and experience, to the Staff Manager, Marks & Spencer, Ltd., 82 Baker St., London, W.1.

EXPERIENCED Sub-editor required for Jewish weekly newspaper. N.U.J. rates or over. Reply Box 3362.

LITIGATION clerk required by trades union solicitors pursuing claims for injured workmen. Good opportunity for young man with intelligence and initiative. Box 3314.

DRAUGHTSMAN wanted, with experience of Sheet Metal Machines or Machine Tool Work. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write, stating age, experience and salary required. F. J. Edwards, Limited, 359, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

HEAL & Son, Ltd., have a vacancy in their Craftsman's Market Department for an assistant in the Buying Office. Staff Canteen. Apply in writing stating age, qualifications and salary required to Staff Officer, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

ACTORS' Equity requires Finance Clerk. T.U. conditions and salary scale to £9 per week. Write 8 Harley Street, W.1.

AMERICAN Jewish Welfare Organisation requires well-educated experienced secretary to work in Paris offices. Knowledge Jewish affairs and French desirable. High speeds shorthand/typing essential. Good salary and cost of living allowance. Box 3348.

TRANSLATOR-Typist (female) required for International Trade Union Office in London. Applicants must be fluent in German and English and possess a working knowledge of the French language. Five-day week and occasional travel to other countries. Permanent position. Salary £600-£700 per year. Apply Box 3352.

THE following vacancies exist on the staff of a large office in the Westminster District: Pool Shorthand Typist; Finance Department Shorthand Typist/Clerk; Legal Department General Clerk (Male). Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary in each case £9 14s rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 3292.

TEACHER/Guide (lady) wanted for Group of Italian girls for 6 weeks July/August. St. Giles School of Languages, 147 Oxford Street, W.1.

CENTURY Theatre on wheels. Vacancies for motor-mechanic & for cook. Lancs. tour. Sec., 16 Station Rd., Hinckley, Leics.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL legal organisation in The Hague requires expd. English secretary with Spanish &/or French. Box 3398.

SECRETARY, 20-30, required in Story Department of Columbia Pictures. Good speeds necessary. Experience in publishing or theatre an advantage but not essential. Salary according to age and qualifications. Write to Story Dept., Columbia Pictures Corporation Ltd., Film House, Wardour St., W.1.

ARCHITECT/Surveyor needs efficient but adaptable Secretary for informal office in Hampstead Village. Contemporary flatlet as part salary. Box 3426.

ASSISTANT Secretary for Ladies' West End Club for administrative duties, not shorthand & typing. Must be able to take responsibility & control staff. Salary £500 p.a. plus quarters and board. State age, career, previous salary & when available. Box 3417.

TUTORS in English required for Italian boys in London. Mornings only at £4 4s. per week. 15 hours p.w. Box 2996.

GERMAN shorthand-typist required, London. State exp. & age. Box 3366.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time typist from 9-2. Salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

YOUNG lady 17/19 for second-hand bookshop. Commg. sal. £6 10s. Box 3397.

TEMPORARY Secs., Shorthand & Copy Typists, educated, required by Railton Secretarial Services for periodic work days/weeks. Top rates. MAYfair 0928.

WANTED, early August, working housekeeper for cultured family, 4 adults, N.W. London; own room, radio, TV, charlady six mornings. Generous off-times and salary. Box 3391.

KIND intelligent woman needed pref. Continental as Nannie-Housekeeper to 2 motherless little girls 3 and 7 years old. Daily help avail. Mod. eas. worked hse. with gdn. Own rm. for Nannie. Wages arrgd. Box 3425.

DURING Summer School of Music, August 1-31, Assistant Cook for 100. Interesting people & surrndgs. Sal. £3 10s. Dartington Hall School, Totnes, Devon.

ANY person young in heart looking for progressive responsible post with group of school-age children, very near London, communicate with Box 3330.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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YOUNG artist requires full-/part-time teaching post in school, college for next Sept. Exhibited R.A. and N.E.A.C. Public School education and 4 yrs. London Art School. Excellent references. Box 3434.

MINISTER (29) sks. job f./p.-time. Manchester area. Teaching pref. Anything consid. Advtg./Journalism exper. Box 3303.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

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WE buy books. Left emphasis. Van calls. Wanted: Borkenau, Communist Internat'l; Spanish Cockpit. The Hammersmith B'shop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 824

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey, or Studio Theatre, Kensington, London. Summer Drama Schools. 7 or 10 days. One evening school (Mon.-Fri.), July 1-Aug. 31. £4 4s and £7 7s. Director: Marian Naylor. Professional stage staff. Stimulating, practical courses in acting. Syllabuses: Mrs. M. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

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PERSONAL

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YOUNG man (27) week free June 30, invites holiday suggestions. Box 3315.

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PERSONAL—continued

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